

"THE LOST BOYS: THE BEGINNING"

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Warners.

FADE IN:

TITLE AGAINST BLACK.

"SAN FRANCISCO. 1906"

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Off the California coast, a turn-of-the-century cargo ship plows through the rough sea. The fiery ball of the setting sun makes red silhouettes of the masts and sails and turns the sea the color of blood. On the horizon, the coastline cliffs of San Francisco. A lighthouse beacon winks.

INT. HOLD - CARGO SHIP - DUSK

Packed floor to ceiling with shipping crates. Winches on pulleys CLINK in the darkness. OIL DRIPS from rusty chains. The hull CREAKS to the DULL BEAT of the surf. THE CAMERA TRAVELS through the dingy hold to one elaborate crate. The wooden slats bear the Customs Seal showing Romania as point of departure. One of the slats is loose.

Inside the crate...dirt.

EXT. DECK - CARGO SHIP - DUSK

A weathervane spins idly in the sea breeze. Suddenly a fierce WIND WHIPS UP and FLAPS the canvas sails. THE FIRST MATE is trying to light his pipe. The match is blown out. He strikes another match, puffing as he lights his pipe. He looks up at circling seagulls landing on the masts, indicating the ship is nearing the shore. All at once, the birds take off into the sky in a panic. They swirl, SQUAWKING. The LOW STRAINS of a HARMONICA. THREE SAILORS sit on the deck, dealing cards. One of them plays the harmonica.

The gusting WIND POUNDS the canvas sails.

INT. BRIDGE - CARGO SHIP - DUSK

THE CAPTAIN steers the wheel, staring out the window at the violent sunset. The HARMONICA PLAYS, spare and lonesome.

INT. HOLD - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The crate spills native Romanian soil onto the floorboards...

EXT. CARGO SHIP - DUSK

The sun shrinks into the sea.

The ship is shadowed by the last dying rays.

INT. HOLD - CARGO SHIP - DUSK

Something cracks the slats of the wooden crate from the inside.

A brief glimpse of a pale, huge hand...

EXT. CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The sun sets. It is night.

EXT. DECK - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The Mate hears something. He walks past the three Sailors playing cards to the hold. He hunkers down and climbs into the hold.

INT. HOLD - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The First Mate walks past the packing crates.

A shadow leaps.

The First Mate's head is ripped from his shoulders in gouting sprays of blood. It rolls across the hull. A glint of fang...

INT. BRIDGE - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The Captain lazily steers the ship through the rough chop.

CRUNCH!

He looks down, blood trickling from his mouth...A white hand laced with his intestines punches out his chest and grabs the ship's wheel. The Vampire is behind him, tall and half-seen.

His other hand grabs the dying Captain's head, twisting it violently around, snapping the neck, until the head faces backwards.

The Captain's dead face stares up at...

EXT. DECK - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

The three Sailors sit playing cards as one lights a kerosine lamp.

The first Sailor lays a full house on the deck.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP...

Blood drips onto the cards. The three Sailors look up in dawning horror. In the eerie flickering lamplight, they see the corpses of the Captain and the First Mate impaled on the masts above them.

They scream as the Vampire falls on them. Barely glimpsed, he grabs the men by the throats, carrying them with him as he flies into the air.

THE CAMERA FLIES UP WITH HIM as he hurtles upwards into the night-shrouded sky.

He heaves the Sailors onto the mast crossarms, impaling them through the body.

Then he flies away from the dead ship...

FLYING P.O.V.: Flying over the night darkened sea, hurtling towards the beacon of the lighthouse and the sprawling lights of a coastline port town growing ever closer...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Circa 1906.

Gaslight lanterns line the streets of the rough and tumble port town brimming with SAILORS, TRAPPERS, PROSTITUTES, THIEVES, FUR TRADERS, MERCENARIES, WHITE SLAVERS, and PROSPECTORS.

Wagons and horses tool through dusty streets lined with Saloons and Bordellos. The air is ripe with rowdy violence. A knifefight between two Fur Traders is going on. RINKY TINK PIANO BLARES from a Saloon.

A boy walks.

It is eighty years earlier than we last saw him.

DAVID.

He is bearded and long haired, wearing a scruffy leather coat. He wanders the packed streets, his predatory eyes moving left and right. He spots a grubby TRAPPER loading pelts onto the back of a wagon. The Trapper takes a few dollars from the FUR TRADER in payment and puts his wallet in his bearskin coat.

David bumps into him.

He pilfers the man's wallet, deft as the Artful Dodger.

DAVID

Get out of my way.

TRAPPER

Piss off, punk.

David tosses the wallet to another boy his age who passes by him. MARCO is a rough-hewn California youth in a leather coat. He shoves the wallet down his pants. They move off in different directions. The Trapper feels his coat for his wallet.

TRAPPER (CONT'D)

Hey you!

He catches up with David and grabs his arm.

TRAPPER (CONT'D)

Gimme my wallet back or I'll--

David pulls a switchblade. He snaps it open and puts it to the Trapper's throat.

DAVID

You'll what? I didn't hear.

TRAPPER

Take 'er easy. I must be mistaken.

DAVID

I don't have your wallet.

David grabs the man's pocketwatch and stuffs it in his coat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But I do have your watch.

He holds the blade with nerves of steel.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Walk away.

The Trapper runs for it. David sidles up to Marco.

DAVID (CONT'D)
How much was in the wallet?

MARCO
Ten dollars.

DAVID
Probably three bucks more than the
cheap piece of junk watch is
worth. Heads up.

The two young thieves spot a PROSPECTOR paying a GROCER for a bag of produce. He sticks his wallet in his pocket. David tails him through the crowd, easily sliding up beside him and confiscating the wallet. He walks on, flipping it open to see a hundred dollars inside. Marco walks up and whistles.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Looks like we can quit for the
day.

David sees the Prospector walk up to his WIFE and TWO BABIES in a wagon. He turns frantic when he feels for his wallet and finds it missing. David spits on the ground.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Aw shit.

The young thief walks up to the Prospector and holds out his wallet.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I think you dropped this.

The Prospector and his Family watch David cautiously. The man takes the wallet and opens it, openly relieved to see the money. He smiles warmly.

PROSPECTOR

Hey, thanks, Mister. This was all we had in the world.

David sighs.

DAVID

Listen, you watch yourselves in Santa Carla. There's lots of thieves around.

He turns his back and walks. The Prospector rides off in his wagon. Marco sidles up to David.

MARCO

I don't believe you did that.

DAVID

The guy had a family. I'm not taking food out of babies' mouths, Marco. Neither are you, not as long as you're runnin' with me. There's plenty other wallets around. Hey, there's Paul.

They walk down a sidestreet to where TEN SAILORS crowd around a makeshift ring. Two bare-knuckled fistfighters are about to rumble. PAUL is a strapping teenaged American Indian with a Mohawk haircut and tribal scars on his face. He takes off his shirt and shows a rope-muscled, scar-tissued chest. He puts up his fists. A TATTOOED STREETFIGHTER removes his shirt and blows on his bony hands. The Sailors hoot and holler and wave money.

David winks at Paul. Paul winks back.

Two other boys prowl behind the Sailors, DWAYNE and JASPER. They each pluck a wallet out of two Sailors back pockets and chuck them to David, who pockets them. The two streetfighters show their empty hands to the crowd, then make fists and go at it. Paul throws a few hard rights at the Tattooed Streetfighter, who bobs and weaves, kicking Paul hard in the chest.

Paul staggers back. Into David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Watch what the hell you're doing!

David sneaks two small lead bars into Paul's hands.

Paul closes his fists around them and goes back up against the bare-chested pugilist.

He clenches his fists and throws right and left haymakers that knock the man cold. Paul collects a few dollars from the Sailors and puts on his shirt. The five Lost Boys walk off together.

PAUL

I didn't need those irons.

DAVID

So why did you use 'em?

PAUL

I could have taken him. I got the fastest hands in Santa Carla. Anyways, it's my third bout today. I made ten dollars. Doin' real work, not the pickpocketin' you boys been at.

DAVID

That's 'cause last time I let you pickpocket, them fast hands of yours got put in handcuffs and we had to break you out of jail.

PAUL

Yeah yeah, you keep remindin' me. But I didn't need those irons.

DAVID

Maybe, but ya need me.

David chuckles and pats Paul on the back.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What would you do without me to look after ya?

David, Marco, Paul, Dwayne and Jasper walk off towards the docks.

EXT. DOCKS - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A long pier jets out into the night fog. DOCKWORKERS busy back and forth with ropes and rigging. David, Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper walk together, counting their "earnings". David passes on a bottle of whisky.

DAVID

Twenty-five dollars. Counting the two watches. Looks like we're sleeping on the beach again tonight, boys.

The bottle is kicked out of David's hand. He looks up.

LOMAX towers over him. A tough, grizzled seaside gangster in his late fifties, he is flanked by TEN THUGS. Lomax grabs David and heaves him against the dock beam. The Thugs grab Bowie knives from their jackets and hold them on the other boys.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Leggo of me, Lomax!

LOMAX

You know who I am punk? You know this face? You know what I do?

DAVID

Everybody knows.

Lomax drives a beefy fist in David's gut, buckling him over.

LOMAX

I do business down here boy. I run the whores. I run the thieves. I run the guys that bust people up for a fee. This is my dock, punk. You know this?

David nods, plainly terrified.

DAVID

Yeah I know.

Lomax punches him again in the stomach. David drops to one knee with a grunt. He gets up. The other boys try to help them and the Thugs brandish the knives in their faces.

LOMAX

If you know that, what're you doin' down here on Lomax's dock picking pockets? Gimmie what you stole today, punk.

David hands over the stolen wallets and the watches. Lomax pockets them.

DAVID

We're just tryin' to earn a livin'.

LOMAX

I'm gonna show you what I do to punks try to work my territory. I'm gonna take my percentage...

He grabs David's hand and whips out a straight razor.

LOMAX (CONT'D)

An ounce offa yer hand.

David struggles vainly against the muscular gangster as the man puts the tip of the razor to David's thumb. The other boys cringe at knifepoint, really just kids face to face with adult gangsters.

David stares down Lomax. Lomax lets him go, pocketing the razor.

LOMAX (CONT'D)

You ain't worth it. You ain't nothin' but runny nosed punks. Get outta my sight. Consider yourself warned. If I see you on the street again--

Suddenly David looks out to sea. Marco, Paul, Dwayne and Jasper see it, too...

A ghostly ship has appeared suddenly out of the fog. Its sails are empty, and its deck is deserted of people. It drifts slowly towards the dock, only a hundred yards away.

DAVID

Heads up!

The ship PILES into the dock, knocking the workers off their feet. Suddenly they jump into action, trying to tie the schooner off on the pilings. The Lost Boys gaze at it.

FOREMAN

C'MON LADS! OUTTA THE WAY! MOVE IT MEN! TIE OFF THIS SHIP! WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON HERE? THERE AIN'T NOBODY ON BOARD!

The ship is totally devoid of passengers or crew.

A mob of SANTA CARLA PEDESTRIANS gather around the dock. They watch the empty ship and whisper among themselves. The Lost Boys stand on the pier and watch the dockworkers rope the ship to the moorings.

DAVID

There's nobody on that ship.

Something drops off a mast and lands at Marco's feet.

A heavy, solid gold signet ring. On it, the emblem of a comet.

MARCO

Hey boys. Look what fell off the ship.

David looks at the ring.

DAVID

That must be worth a fortune.
Let's sell it.

Marco slips it on his finger.

MARCO

No way. I found it. It's mine.

David looks out at the crowd of people milling around the dock.

DAVID

The whole town's come by for the show. Got to be a few wallets for the taking. We just gotta find the right person to rob.

David looks out into the crowd. His eyes fix on somebody. The Lost Boys follow his gaze.

A tall, suave, elegantly-dressed middle-European gentleman walks confidently amid the seamy sea of humanity of Santa Carla. He sticks out like a sore thumb in a fine dark suit and cape, his pale marble face sporting a striking white goatee as he eyes the streetlife with cobalt blue eyes. His name is VLAD.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...And I think he just showed up.

MARCO

This fool's got to be kidding.

DAVID

Don't he know the streets ain't safe for rich society types after dark?

PAUL

He's about to get a Santa Carla welcome.

MARCO

Yeah, and we're the welcomin' committee.

DAVID

This is too easy. Let's tail him
before somebody else picks his
carcass clean.

The boys head off after Vlad.

EXT. SIDESTREET - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The elegant gentleman walks with a tap of his cane along
the empty, gaslit street. The long shadows of the five
Lost Boys sneak after him.

EXT. ANOTHER SIDESTREET - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Vlad walks with a kind of ethereal grace through the
quiet street. David steps out in front of him. Vlad
eyes him evenly with eyes that pierce his skull.

DAVID

Nice night.

VLAD

Yes, aren't they all? I wonder if
you might point me to a place of
lodging. I'm new in town.

DAVID

I figured that.

VLAD

Well...I heard America was the
land of opportunity. So here I
am.

Vlad eyes the other boys with withering eyes. David
looks over Vlad's shoulder at Jasper who has snuck up
behind the hulking nobleman. His little hand reaches for
Vlad's purse.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Nice ring.

Vlad stares Marco down with terrifyingly magnetic eyes.
They are focusing on the signet ring on his forefinger.

MARCO

Ain't it pretty?

VLAD

I had one just like it.

MARCO

I've had this a long time.

VLAD

Odd, I didn't know there were any others in existence. I misplaced mine on my ocean travels. Know you the significance of the comet insignia?

MARCO

Sure.

VLAD

Enlighten me.

MARCO

It's, uh, um...

VLAD

It's the Dragon Order. Providence of the Romanian Boyers. The Dragon Order was dedicated to the destruction of the Turks. They were slaughtered by the tens of thousands. Do you know how?

Marco shakes his head, cracking a grin to his friends.
Vlad grins, baring sharp, canine-like teeth.

VLAD (CONT'D)

They were impaled on rounded wooden stakes left in the fields to rot and fester as carrion for the vultures.

MARCO

Wow.

VLAD

We both know it's my ring and I want it back.

MARCO

Then you'll have to buy it from me.

Jasper makes the grab. He steals Vlad's purse. It is made of a peculiar...skin. He chucks it to David. David opens it and whistles. He holds out a solid gold coin. There are many in the purse. The coin glitters across the faces of the Lost Boys.

DAVID

Looks like you can afford it.
Problem is, we got your ring and
your wallet. And we're gonna keep
'em.

Vlad's hand shoots out with lightning speed.

He grabs Marco's ringed hand in his huge, pale fist. The
Vampire's hand completely covers Marco's.

MARCO

Hey! Leggo!

Vlad squeezes with bone-breaking force. The DULL SNAP of
fingerbones. Marco starts screaming, struggling with the
hulking Vampire to no avail. Blood seeps through Vlad's
fingers as he crushes Marco's hand.

MARCO (CONT'D)

AAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

DAVID

LET HIM GO!

Marco drops to his knees, shrieking in anguish. Blood
runs down his arm. Vlad squeezes and squeezes. Dwayne
and Paul jump on Vlad but he throws them off him with one
superhuman arm. They go flying ten feet through the
air.

David palms a Derringer pistol out of his sleeve.

He points it at Vlad.

DAVID (CONT'D)

LET HIM GO OR I'LL SHOOT!

Vlad, still holding Marco's smashed hand, grabs for
David's gun.

POW! POW! David's Derringer FIRES twice.

Vlad looks down at two small holes in his shirt.

VLAD

My.

The debonair European drops like a sack of potatoes.

The Lost Boys stare in horror.

PAUL

Now you did it.

MARCO
Oh, my fuckin' hand he broke my
fuckin' hand!

DWAYNE
You shot him, David.

DAVID
Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

DWAYNE
What are we gonna do?

DAVID
I dunno what we're gonna do! Shit!
Shit! Shit! Shit!

PAUL
YOU SAID THAT.

DAVID
I KNOW I SAID THAT. Shit! I
never wasted anybody before!
Shit!

David is stunned. He regards the smoking pistol in his
hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)
C'mon boys! Let's get the hell
out of here!

They run for it. David skids to a halt and grabs his
friends.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Wait. Wait. We gotta go back.

MARCO
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE GOTTA GO BACK?

DAVID
His wallet.

MARCO
What about it?

DAVID
He's got it.

MARCO
It's his.

DAVID
HE'S DEAD!

PAUL
OH SHIT LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

DAVID
Let's get his wallet.

MARCO
That's robbery.

DAVID
IT'S ALREADY MURDER! Besides...

The boys look at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Somebody else'll just take it.

David feels inside Vlad's coat and produces the thick skin purse. He opens it. Dozens of gold coins glint golden light against their faces. They gape.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There's thousands of dollars here.

He fingers the coins in awe.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We're rich men.

PAUL
Maybe this guy was somebody,
David.

DAVID
He's history now. And I'm holding
thousands of dollars in gold here.
Any of you want to back out,
that's fine. Just walk. Go ahead
and walk. No hard feelings. Any
of you dock rats want to back out?

The boys shake their heads one by one.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We're all in this together...Now
listen up you punks. This is what
we're gonna do. We hafta leave
town. Hide out 'till this blows
over. We'll use some of this gold
to buy us some horses and ride
outta 'Frisco, head down the
coast to Santa Carla.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 They got them this fancy ass
 resort down there where we can
 blow some of this dough on wine,
 women, and song. So that's the
 plan. We'll lay low livin' high
 on the hog a week or so, then
 mosey on back here like nothin'
 ever happened.

David pats Vlad's cold face.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Sorry, pal. Better you than me.

The Lost Boys hightail it out of there. Vlad's dead body
 lies still in the darkened alley.

EXT. STABLE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

David pays two gold coins to the STABLEMASTER. He swings
 up into the fresh saddle of a newly bought horse. Marco,
 Paul, Dwayne and Jasper are already in the saddles of
 their horses. Marco's hand has been bandaged. They ride
 out of the stables...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The Lost Boys charge their new horses out of the brawling
 San Francisco docks. TOWNSPEOPLE and TRAPPERS duck out of
 the way on the dusty street as the five horses gallop off
 down the dark beach...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

David hugs the saddle as he spurs his horses through the
 splashing SURF on the empty beach. His friends ride hard
 behind him...

EXT. SANTA CARLA HOTEL - NIGHT

High atop the cliffs, the glittering lights of an
 opulent, turn-of-the-century Hotel.

The Lost boys gallop up the winding cliff road towards
 it.

EXT. COURTYARD - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Lost Boys stride into the huge courtyard of the
 hotel.

Swank horse-drawn carriages and brocaded coaches are parked there. The rugged-looking youths on their horses aren't exactly dressed for the occasion.

DAVID

We're stayin' here awhile, boys.
We're gonna rent us the fanciest
suite they got and hide out here
in high style. How's that sound?

MARCO

Like a plan.

The Lost Boys all shake hands with a hoot. They dismount and give the horses to the slightly taken aback DOORMEN. Then they stride inside like they own the place.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - NIGHT

An extravagant marble and stone 19th century establishment. Exotic plants from foreign countries stretch towards the ceiling. There is an indoor waterfall. The Lost Boys look the place over like babes in paradise. ROBBER BARONS and their MISTRESSES, RICH NOBLEMEN and their LADIES and, of course, a small army of WAITERS and BELLBOYS that pack the hotel from wall to wall.

PAUL

Look at the money.

MARCO

Look at those women.

DAVID

You look. Me, I'm gonna partake.

MARCO

Hey, wait for us.

The HOTEL MANAGER, a dapper and finicky man with a pencil moustache, stops them at the door.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'm sorry, all deliveries are in
the back.

DAVID

I think you must have us confused.

He presses a gold coin in the man's hand. The man regards the coin, then regards the Lost Boys.

DAVID (CONT'D)
...With somebody else. We'd like
your best room.

HOTEL MANAGER
As you wish, sir.

DAVID
After we eat.

INT. RESTAURANT - HOTEL

The Lost Boys swagger in. The Maitre D' spots them and
tries to show them out.

DAVID
We want that table...

He points past the Maitre D' to an empty table situated
in the center of the surroundings.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm sure you can arrange it.

David gives the Maitre D' one gold coin. The man nods to
them.

MAITRE D'
Yes sir, this can be arranged
but...I am afraid I must ask you
put on a jacket and tie.

DAVID
We don't have jackets and ties.

MAITRE D'
We do, sir. Follow me.

He takes them to a closet and indicates ties and jackets.
The boys are clearly unused to the things and make a
ludicrous mess of putting on the ties after squeezing
into the jackets.

MARCO
I hate this.

David shows himself to his friends.

DAVID
How do I look?

MARCO
Like you're about to be planted. I
hate this.

The Maitre D' tries to help Marco tie his tie.

MAITRE D'
Let me help you with that, sir.

Marco slaps his hand away.

MARCO
Get your hands off me!

DAVID
Our table?

MAITRE D'
Right this way.

The Lost Boys follow him.

MARCO
(Mimicking)
"Right this way." "Oh thank you,
sir." "May I kiss your ass, sir."

David guffaws, shooting Marco a sardonic glance.

DAVID
Keep it down, Marco. This here is
a class place. Try to act for
once like a classy guy.

As they make their way across the vast restaurant, they regard the TUXEDOED ROBBER BARONS who smoke cigars and drink brandy at their tables with their GOWNED LADIES. The Maitre D' seats the Lost Boys at the table they requested. They all sit.

MAITRE D'
Your table...sirs.

The HEADWAITER comes over.

DAVID
We'd like a bottle of your best
wine. We trust your judgement.
And, uh, cigars all around.

HEADWAITER
As you wish, sir.

He goes off. David grins at his friends sitting around the table.

DAVID
Sir, he says.

DWAYNE

Can you believe this? We're being treated like royalty here.

DAVID

Hey boys. The only difference between us...

David indicates the fancy RICH DINERS surrounding them at the other tables.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...and them. Is this.

He holds out a handful of gold coins.

As they settle into their chairs, David notices a small adjacent dining cubicle. The boys look over at a RUSSIAN ROYAL ENTOURAGE dining in the small room, wearing embroidered coats.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Would you get a load of her.

He has set his eyes on ANASTASIA ROSTOV. She is the stunningly beautiful teenaged daughter of a wealthy Czarist family, with bright eyes, a voluptuous figure, and jet black hair. The girl is surrounded by SERVANTS and her CHAPERONE, obviously sheltered.

She makes eye contact with David.

A spark.

David can't take his eyes off the beautiful princess.

The Chaperone casts an aloof, disapproving glance at David and his roughneck friends. She closes a curtain of elaborate silk over the room, shielding Anastasia from their view. David sighs to himself. Marco claps David on the shoulder.

MARCO

She wants you.

DAVID

Don't I wish.

JASPER

Go over and talk to her, David.

DWAYNE

Yeah, go on. Show her some coin.

The Maitre D' leans disapprovingly over to David.

MAITRE D'

That is the Princess Anastasia Rostov, daughter of the Grand Duke of Russia...If you see what I mean... sir.

PAUL

Class, David, that woman has real class. A prize to be grabbed.

MARCO

Yeah, David. Show her how much money you got. You just said the only difference between us and them is money.

David shakes his head with sombre self-realization.

DAVID

It ain't that way, boys, not with her. That girl sittin' there, she's got class. That kinda class, it's something you're born with, not something you buy. Class and breeding is something she got that I ain't, and never will. Hell, I'm like you boys, from the streets, and for me, she's look but don't ever touch. So while I can dream about her, I ain't gonna waste my time, old buddy, 'cause she's way outta my league. That girl's a...princess, totally untouchable, and me, I'm just a low life like you punks. I ain't gonna get within a mile of an angel like that.

Marco eyes David knowingly.

MARCO

Then why you running off at the mouth about her if you figure you ain't good enough for her, huh?

David smiles to himself as he regards Anastasia.

DAVID

'Cause she's so damn lovely, boys. I can dream, can't I?

MARCO

C'mon. There's lots of women in this place.

David sighs.

DAVID

Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - HOTEL - NIGHT

A magnificent period kitchen adorned with great ovens and wooden chopping blocks. Game and suckling pigs hang from big hooks. Walls are lined with a plethora of silver and copper cooking utensils, pots, and pans. The KITCHEN SQUAD is a small army. The HEAD CHEF is a martinet.

HEAD CHEF

VIKTOR! RADU! HURRY UP WITH THAT
WATER FOR TABLE FIVE!

Two teenage middle-European Waiters, VIKTOR and RADU FROGIERE, look up as the whole kitchen stares at them. Viktor is quite fat. Radu is very thin. They are dressed in black and white uniforms. They whisper amongst themselves.

VIKTOR

Right away sir.

RADU

We are ready, sir.

They hurriedly gather water pitchers. A five-year old boy scampers around the legs of the kitchen personnel. GRANDPA is a wide-eyed child and he moves close to a crate of Root beer soda by the refrigerators. He steals one and tries to get away with it. Viktor grabs him and hoists him in the air.

VIKTOR

Root beer! You again.

RADU

Root beer! How many time have we
told you you mustn't not steal
from hotel supplies?

VIKTOR

Get out.

Viktor grabs a second root beer, hands it to the boy, and hustles him out the employees entrance. The two Romanian Busboys share a chuckle.

RADU

Do you think he has a name?

They scramble with the water pitchers out of the kitchen.

INT. RESTAURANT - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Lost Boys sit at the table, surveying their posh surroundings. The Waiter brings over a case of big stogies. They each select one. The Waiter lights them. They puff on 'em like a regular bunch of big wheels.

David suddenly freezes.

He stares.

The Lost Boys look where he's staring. Their blood runs cold.

Vlad is sitting at a table across the restaurant, dining alone. Alive and well.

DAVID
Let's get the check.

PAUL
It's him. It's the guy.

JASPER
But you shot him.

DAVID
Boys, I get feeling I missed.

JASPER
Maybe it's his brother.

MARCO
He ain't seen us yet.

The elegant middle-European gentleman with the porcelain skin and the ivory goatee eats quietly, unaware of their presence. He is speaking with the Headwaiter, handing him something.

MARCO (CONT'D)
It wasn't my fault. I told you you shouldn't have taken his wallet. I said-.

DAVID
Shut up, Marco.

MARCO
Hey, Paul, didn't I say--

PAUL

Shut up, Marco.

JASPER

You shot him.

DWAYNE

Oh Waiter! Check please?

MARCO

I don't think he's seen us. We better get out of here.

DAVID

That is a definite option.

The Headwaiter comes over to their table.

HEADWAITER

This gentleman sitting over there asked me to give you this.

He politely indicates Vlad and hands David a folded napkin.

The Waiter departs. David opens the napkin.

Two used bullets, wet with blackened blood.

The Lost Boys look in horror across the restaurant at Vlad. He acknowledges their gaze with eyes pulsing with greenish force. He lifts a glass to them.

DAVID

Okay. That's it. We're outta here. Ride fast enough, we just might make it outta town before he has us charged with robbery and attempted murder.

The boys rise from the table. David leaves a few gold coins. They hurry out of the restaurant.

Vlad eyes them in bemusement.

EXT. STABLES - HOTEL - NIGHT

David, Marco, Paul, Dwayne and Jasper get on their horses and charge off out of the Hotel into the expanse of cliffs.

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT

The Lost Boys ride through a thick mist and can barely see twenty feet ahead...The rocks and rugged terrain come rushing at them. Skeletal trees seem to attack them out of the fog.

They hear VLAD'S LAUGHTER echoing through the night, ringing out over the THUNDER of HOOVES. The horses are spooked.

So are the boys.

DAVID

He's after us.

They ride hard.

FLYING P.O.V.: Dropping out of the sky at the five boys on horseback. White hands snatch Jasper and haul him out of the saddle up into the darkness.

David reins his horse. The rest of the boys do. One horse is riderless. Jasper's saddle is empty.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jasper! JASPER!

Eerie laughter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He got Jasper. We got to watch out for this sonofabitch.

MARCO

Yeah no shit we gotta watch out for him. You shot him twice and he's still alive and kicking.

A SCREAM. The boys whirl to catch a brief glimpse of Dwayne's kicking boots disappearing into the sky. His saddle is empty.

DAVID

DWAYNE!

VLAD

You boys have to do better than that.

They turn.

Vlad is sitting leisurely on his horse. Not a drop of sweat on him.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Believe me, you had better.
Because I've just started with
you.

The European knees his horse and charges straight at the boys. Their horses rear, nearly throwing them off as Vlad charges past them with a wild cackle. David draws the Derringer from his coat and punches in two fresh slugs.

DAVID

This time I won't miss.

He turns to look at Paul.

His saddle is empty.

David and Marco throw a nervous glance at each other.

MARCO

I think they're dead, David. I think he wasted them. Like he's gonna waste us, too. Awww, my hand...

Marco cringes, his bandaged hand bleeding over the reins.

DAVID

He ain't gonna get me.

They are wreathed in mist.

VLAD

Oh yes I will. You boys are easy.

The SOUND of HOOFBEATS.

DAVID

GET HIM!

David drives his heels into his horse and charges after Vlad into the fog. Marco rides behind him. David is bathed in sweat as he gallops over the cracked cliffside terrain, barely able to see in the mist.

FLYING P.O.V.: Swooping out of the sky towards the two boys on horseback...White hands grabbing Marco by the throat... Carrying him violently out of the saddle into the air.

David looks over his shoulder.

Marco's horse is riderless.

David looks in front of him.

Vlad is clearly visible in the mist twenty yards ahead, riding like the wind. David chases after him on horseback, aiming his pistol, FIRING a SHOT into the Vampire's back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
YOU KILLED THEM YOU BASTARD!!!
NOW I'M GONNA KILL YOU!!!

David FIRES again.

He is ten feet away from the fleeing Vlad.

David gallops full tilt, leaning out of his saddle to make a grab for the European riding ahead of him. His horse's hooves pound the rocky ground.

Then the ground disappears...

David's horse has galloped off the edge of a cliff. Now they are plummeting hundreds of feet towards the rocks and bursting surf below. David hugs his saddle and cries out as he sees the lighthouse rushing up at him and the huge lamp splashing light across his face. The surf. The rocks. The thrashing, panic-stricken horse galloping in dead air.

They are about to hit.

A white hand grabs David by the scruff of the neck in midair...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The sun peeks over the ocean's horizonline.

David lies sprawled on the rocks, at the waters edge.

A burst of surf slashes across his face. He stirs.

The Lost Boy gets to his feet, groggy and disoriented.

Then he sees his horse. Its splayed corpse lies shattered on the rocks. Seagulls pick at it. David looks up to see the two hundred foot high bank of cliffs. He starts to remember.

He looks around for his friends.

DAVID
MARCO! PAUL! DWAYNE! JASPER!
WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?!

No response.

David walks up the beach.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - DAY

David walks into the elegant foyer. He sees the Hotel Manager and walks up to him.

DAVID
Excuse me, I was here last night
with my friends and I wonder if
you've seen them today?

HOTEL MANAGER
Oh yes, the four other boys went
up to the room a few hours ago.

David exhales in relief. Then he gets nervous.

DAVID
By the way, have you seen the tall
fancy guy who was here last night?
Well dressed. White hair and
white beard. Have you seen him
around?

The Hotel Manager thinks.

HOTEL MANAGER
No, I believe he left the
restaurant just after you did
last night, and he hasn't
returned.

David is openly relieved.

DAVID
Thanks.

He heads for the stairs.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DAY

The boys are fast asleep on the couches and the beds. It is dark and the blinds are drawn. David enters the room, walks to the window and pulls the blinds.

Sunlight pours in.

MARCO

OUCH!!!

PAUL

Shut the blinds!

Marco and Paul are sprawled on the bed, half-asleep. They moan in pain, shielding their faces from the light. David closes the blinds with a sigh of relief as he sees Dwayne and Jasper wake up and regard him sleepily.

DAVID

Boy, am I glad to see you. After last night, I was sure we all were dead men.

He pats Marco's arm, whistling in grateful disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Whoa boy, we're all still here. Still in one piece. That's great, really really great...it's...You guys, you are alright, aren't you?

MARCO

I guess.

PAUL

I suppose.

JASPER

Me and Dwayne woke up in a tree. Fifty feet up. I don't remember how we got there. Then we came back here. Found the guys.

David regards them a little uneasily.

DAVID

Now first thing I want to know. Did what happen, that I think happened, happen last night?

They stare at each other nervously. Nobody speaks.

MARCO

I don't really remember too good. Hey, Paul, how do you remember what happened last night?

PAUL

I-I ain't too sure neither. Jasper. You remember anything about last night?

JASPER

Well...I...I...

DAVID

Bullshit. You all remember last night just as well as I do. So why don't I recollect it for everybody?

Nervous nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay. Now what I think happened, tell me if I got it wrong, was that we robbed this fancy guy, then I shot and, uh, killed him. I got it right so far?

Nervous nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Realizin' it would be most prudent of us to leave town, we purchased horses and rode down here to Santa Carla. Then we go to the restaurant and who do we run into but THE DEAD GUY. I GOT IT RIGHT SO FAR?

Nervous nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's what I was afraid of.

He takes a deep breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We got on our horses and hightailed it and...Then the guy FLEW down out of the sky and pulled Marco and Paul up into the air. Marco, Paul, do you remember gettin' pulled out of your saddles up into the air last night?

MARCO

I remember riding and somebody hitting me and flying up out of my saddle.

PAUL

Me too. I was looking down on you guys from a hundred feet up. Then everything went black. Guess I passed out.

JASPER

There's gotta be some kinda explanation.

DAVID

Damn right there has to be some explanation because THIS SHIT IS IMPOSSIBLE. I got it! He had on something under his shirt that stopped the bullets. Or. OR. The gun misfired! THAT'S IT! CHEAP SHIT GUN MISFIRED! That's gotta be it. That's why the bullets didn't...As for when he was chasing us and flying...

DWAYNE

C'mon guys. It was foggy and we couldn't see two feet ahead of us. Who knows that happened?

MARCO

Sure.

PAUL

That's it.

DWAYNE

It was the fog.

JASPER

Right.

They all start to laugh. Nervous relief. They slap each other on the backs, wipe pretend perspiration from their brows, gasp for imagined breath.

DAVID

Right.

David walks up to the window. He stares out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Except...I remember chasing him on my horse and going over the cliffs. This morning I woke up on the beach. My horse was beside me on the rocks. Smashed to pieces. It went over that cliff, boys. With me on it.

MARCO

That's impossible, David, you'd be dead.

DAVID

Yeah, I would, wouldn't I?

David walks up to Marco and Paul on the bed.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Marco, look, your hand...

Marco holds out the hand that Vlad crunched. It is healed. Not a bruise on it. He flexes his fingers.

The signet ring is gone.

MARCO

How 'bout that? Oh, my head.
Somebody shut the blinds.

PAUL

Awwww, this is the worst hangover
I ever had. I feel awful.

MARCO

Yeah right, Paul. Except neither
of us had much to drink last
night.

DAVID

Strange. Things are getting real
strange around here.

MARCO

Hey why isn't any of us askin' the
obvious question? By this I'm
meanin'...where is this guy now?

DAVID

I say we oughta clear out of here
before he comes back.

Marco sees an envelope on the table.

MARCO

Looky.

David opens it.

A letter from Vlad.

DAVID

He left us a note.

The other boys walk over and read over his shoulder,
riveted.

VLAD V.O.

"Good day, my friends. You must forgive me for my absence, but I have urgent business to attend to today. I have a request to make of you..."

David shoots a glance to his friends.

VLAD V.O. (CONT'D)

"...On the ship that sailed into port last night are many crates containing my personal belongings from my home in Romania. I would consider it a favor if you would engage a Customs Officer and Dock Official during regular hours and have the crates set aside and prepared for transport to this Hotel. Present this note to the Dock master and the crates shall be released into your custody. I will pay you ten gold coins for this service. I know you won't let me down. I shall see you tonight at the docks.

Yours sincerely,
Vlad Tepsch."

David crumples the letter in his fist. He looks at his friends with an uneasy shrug.

DAVID

I dunno about this. I say we don't fool with this guy. Something's real strange about him. I say we steer clear of him. He could have killed us last night.

MARCO

But he didn't.

PAUL

Yeah, he didn't. That's the thing. What do we have to lose?

The Lost Boys huddle.

JASPER

Yeah, he said there's money in it if we help him.

PAUL

Money's money.

MARCO

And we are broke.

David eyes his friends.

DAVID

You guys really up for this?

They nod.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay, but let's watch our backs.

David peers through the window blinds. Outside is a beautiful botanical garden. Exotic trees and vibrant wild flowers surround a walkway by a small gazebo. Anastasia, the raven-haired Russian Princess, sits alone in the gazebo.

David releases the window blinds.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You guys, uh, get dressed. Meet me down in the garden in a little while. Don't rush.

He leaves the room.

EXT. GARDEN - HOTEL - DAY

The beautiful botanical garden lies in back of the hotel. David stares at the girl, who is unaware of his presence. He plucks a tiger lily. Gathering his courage, he walks into the gazebo.

DAVID

They had an extra one. I thought you might want it.

He holds the flower out to her. Anastasia drops her eyes, painfully shy.

ANASTASIA

Pardon.

She gets up to go, uncomfortable. She is breathtakingly beautiful.

DAVID

Hey, what's your hurry? It's such a beautiful day. And this flower's got your name on it.

She looks at him plaintively.

ANASTASIA

I am not supposed to be here. I am supposed to be studying.

DAVID

It's too nice a day to study. Come on. Stay awhile. Please. See, I asked nicely?

She blushes. Hesitates.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My name's David. What's your name?

ANASTASIA

I am Anastasia. Anastasia Rostov.

David holds the flower out to her. She hesitantly takes it.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Thank you. It is beautiful.

DAVID

It's the color of your eyes.

Anastasia smiles.

ANASTASIA

My eyes are not this color.

David steps a little closer, gazing into her eyes.

DAVID

Oh yeah. You're right. I'll go pick another one that...

ANASTASIA

No no you mustn't. You can't take the flowers from the garden.

DAVID

You want me to put that one back?

She fingers the flower petals.

ANASTASIA

No, I keep it. And you can't put back a flower. Of course.

She smiles. David is smitten.

DAVID

You're staying at the hotel for awhile?

ANASTASIA

I am from Russia. We go to... how you say...San Francisco. I am to go to school there. My parents, they stay in Moscow. I am with my Chaperone and some of my father's servants. He is Grand Duke. I miss my parents, but they say I must have my education in America. So I go. You?

David sits down beside her. She sits with him. He can't stop staring into her eyes. He tries not to stare at her figure.

DAVID

I live in San Francisco. Down by the docks.

Her eyes brighten.

ANASTASIA

You are sailor? You work on ships?

DAVID

I've done some of that. I went to sea once. Worked as a shipbuilder.

ANASTASIA

What do you do now?

DAVID

I rob people and steal their money.

Anastasia laughs.

ANASTASIA

You are funny.

DAVID

You are beautiful.

ANASTASIA

I think it must be wonderful to be sailor at sea. So...free. I love ocean.

DAVID

You want to go sailing? I can get my hands on a boat. No problem. I can take you sailing.

ANASTASIA

I would love to.

She drops her eyes.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

But I am not permitted.

CHAPERONE

ANASTASIA!

She turns to see the Chaperone, a large Russian Woman, standing stern-faced. Anastasia becomes flustered. Moving with royal grace, she gathers her skirts and gets up to leave as her Chaperone approaches the gazebo.

ANASTASIA

It was nice to meet you. You are very nice. I go.

DAVID

But--.

She is led away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

She likes me.

David sits alone in the gazebo, a big smile on his face.

Then he sees it...

Anastasia's locket has been left on the seat.

He picks it up and gazes at it fondly, then puts it around his neck.

The other Lost Boys walk into the garden.

MARCO

You ready?

INT. WINE CELLAR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Viktor and Radu, the middle-European Busboys, walk down the stone stairwell into the wine cellar in the deep recesses of the sub basement. Grandpa tags along with them. The underground grotto is lined with hundreds of dusty wine bottles.

VIKTOR
For dinner of venison, the red
Bordeaux is the ideal--

RADU
What foolishness, Viktor, red
Burgundy is the only wine to
select.

A thick pool of wine trickles across the floor.

VIKTOR
But what--?

Then they see her. The Busboys recoil with a horrified gasp, shielding Grandpa's face. In one of the racks, amid scores of broken bottles, is sprawled a DEAD CHAMBERMAID. She is drained of blood, her skin shrunken and pruned like a raisin. Two raw puncture wounds are on her throat. Viktor and Radu gasp when they notice the bite wounds. They cross themselves and whisper in hushed, respectful middle-European tones.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
Madre dios.

RADU
Nosferatu.

The two Waiters fearfully examine the puncture wounds on the Chambermaids throat.

RADU (CONT'D)
We have not seen these since the
old country. There can be no
doubt. The Nosferatu is here at
the Hotel.

VIKTOR
We must notify the management.

RADU
No, no, they will not believe us
and certainly fire us right away.

VIKTOR
Then...it will be up to us.

RADU
We must take courage.

VIKTOR
We must find the Nosferatu and
destroy him. I am ready, Radu.

RADU
I am ready, Viktor.

They hurry away.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE HOOVES OF FIVE HORSES LEAP OVER THE CAMERA...

EXT. BEACH - SAN FRANCISCO OUTSKIRTS - DUSK

As The Lost Boys gallop up the sandy beachhead towards the low buildings, jutting piers, and tall ships of the San Francisco harbor.

EXT. PIER - SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS - NIGHT

A thick fog has settled on the ghostly masts and rigging of the abandoned ship that floated into the harbor. A winch and crane are lifting huge crates from the hold and loading them onto the back of a wagon. David, Marco, Jasper, Dwayne, and Paul are standing with a CUSTOMS OFFICER, who is reading from a cargo log.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Here you boys are. The fifteen crates transported from Romania as requested on the shipping brief.

David hands him the papers.

DAVID
Our friend said these would be what you need.

The Customs Officer reviews the forms. He puffs on a Meerschaum pipe.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Yessir. All customs forms be in order. These boxes are yers to transport to where y'll.

The Customs man walks off into the fog. David and the others regard the large crates on the wagon.

DAVID
I got a hankerin' to find out whats in these here crates, boys. Any 'a you have the same mind?

MARCO

Go for it.

David takes a crowbar and pries the lid off one.

DAVID

What gives?

Dirt.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A box'a dirt. This is what this
guy is payin' us to bring in. This
don't make no sense.

David pries the lid off another crate.

More dirt.

MARCO

This is nuts.

David takes the crowbar and breaks off the lid of another
crate. The Lost Boys stare inside and whistle. Golden
light gleams off their faces...

DAVID

Paydirt.

Gold and jewels. Coins and diamonds. A fortune in
precious metals. David picks up a handful of coins and
spills them through his fingers.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's a fortune here, boys.
Ours for the takin'.

MARCO

We could retire.

They all laugh.

JASPER

We never worked.

DAVID

We're all rich men, boys. You see
here before you wealth beyond
your wildest dreams.

He holds out a fistful of loot.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I give you a kings ransom. I say we get this stuff out of here, drive this wagon into Frisco and right now. We'll live like kings. What say ya?

DWAYNE

The guy would be pissed.

DAVID

Screw him.

MARCO

I could ask a question. Where is the guy?

DAVID

Good question.

Suddenly, Twelve Thugs appear out of the mist carrying knives and two-by-fours. Lomax, the grizzled leader of the rival gang of thieves, steps forward. He walks up to David with a large blade in his hand. David and the boys quickly draw out knives.

LOMAX

Well, well, well, what do we have here? Looks to be the same bunch of lads I warned before. Hey punk. You're in the wrong territory. This is my territory. I told you not to show your face around here. Now we're going to have to cut you up.

David swallows hard.

DAVID

Hey back off Lomax. We're here to do a job for a guy whose payin' us a legitimate wage.

LOMAX

You're dead meat.

VLAD

I think you had better leave my friends alone.

Vlad.

The Vampire King has materialized out of nowhere. He eyes the confrontation with amusement and murderous relish. The tall, ethereal man looms over the Thugs with courtly European menace. Lomax turns to him.

LOMAX

And who the fuck are you?

It happens very fast.

Vlad disappears into thin air. There is a huge RUSH of AIR and Lomax is hauled kicking and screaming up into the mist. High above, there is a SICKENING SPLAT.

DAVID

GET THEM!

EXT. DECK - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

David and the Lost Boys make their move. They wade into the Thugs, wielding knives and two-by-fours. A full-scale brawl breaks out. The fists start flying. WHOOOOOSH!!! What appears to be a man-sized bird of prey flies out of the fog and drags two Thugs seventy feet up. Their screams are abruptly cut short. David takes down three Thugs with his bare fists. Marco kicks two more Thugs back into Paul, who decks them with a two-by-four. Jasper is armlocked by two Thugs who work him over with punches to the belly. David rushes to the boy's aid and hits them with a trawling rod. The Thugs whirl on David with drawn knives. WHOOOOOSH HHHHHH!!! RRRRRRRRIIIP. Vlad dives out of the sky and carries the Thugs off. Jasper and David looks around in confusion for the abruptly vanished Thugs. HORRIBLE SCREAMS and CRUNCHING SOUNDS echo over the ship.

VLAD V.O.

HA! HA! I LOVE A GOOD FIGHT!!!
HAVE AT THEM, BOYS!!!

The brawl goes onto the deck of the ship as five boys and the surviving Thugs go at it. WHOOOSH!!! David is having a knifefight with a Thug when the Thug disappears. He is tugged into the air, boots kicking. SPLAT!

WHOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHH!!!

The deck is quiet. The Thugs are gone. The Lost Boys look for them, baffled. Then they do a head count.

Only David, Dwayne, and Jasper are on deck.

DAVID

Marco! Paul!

David becomes alarmed. He turns to the two other boys.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Look for them on deck. I'm going
below.

David swings down into the hold.

INT. HOLD - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

David keeps his knife at the ready, scanning the darkened recesses of the cargo hold. Shadowy hooks CLINK on their pulleys. Two familiar silhouettes crouching bat-like over a crumpled body. David searches the other side of the ship, apprehensive.

DAVID
Marco? Paul?

Marco and Paul whirl around, their faces smeared with blood. Their teeth are sunk in the slashed throat of one of the Thugs. Vlad stands in the shadows nearby. The two boys quickly drop the body and wash their faces off with water from a bucket.

MARCO
Hey David, over here!

David approaches.

DAVID
You had me worried there for a
second.

MARCO
W-we're fine.

DAVID
Alright, let's go topside.

David heads out of the hold. Marco and Paul remain for a moment.

PAUL
M-Marco...?

MARCO
We can't tell anybody. None of the
others.

The two Lost Boys go to the top deck.

EXT. DECK - CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

David, Marco, and Paul walk up to Dwayne and Jasper on the foggy ship.

MARCO

We kicked their ass! They ran for it.

DRIP. DRIP.

Blood drips on David's face. He slowly looks up.

DAVID

I don't think so.

The Lost Boys look up, one by one, at a trail of blood flowing down a sail, onto their faces. THE CAMERA CRANES UP FROM THE LOST BOYS STARING UP, CRANES UP PAST THE SAILS AND THE RIGGING, CRANES FIFTY FEET TO THE TOPS OF THE MASTS...

Lomax and twelve of his Thugs have been impaled through the body on the top of the masts.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't think they walked up there by themselves, boys.

Vlad steps out of the mist. He brushes his hands together and dabs at a spot of blood on his white goatee.

VLAD

I doubt they like the view up there. Well, my lads, I'd say we made short work of the swine.

DAVID

I think you did most of the work.

VLAD

Know one thing about me, lads. I always take care of my friends. And we are friends...aren't we?

David and the Lost Boys regard the vampire in awe and respect. They nod. Vlad laughs robustly, throwing his arms around The Lost Boys as he hugs them to him.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Good lads. Remarkable lads. Looking after my valuables. All I have in the world.

MARCO

We was keepin' an eye on 'em for you.

VLAD

You boys weren't perchance thinking of perhaps relieving me of my valuables here now were you?

The Lost Boys do a lot of head shaking.

MARCO

Nope.

JASPER

No way.

DWAYNE

What would give you that idea?

VLAD

Yes, yes, I like you, boys. You're my good stock. Good raw material. Now, by way of introduction...I am Vlad. In my homeland, I was known near and far as The Impaler.

David looks up at the skewered Thugs on top of the masts.

DAVID

I wonder why.

MARCO

Vlad The Impaler.

VLAD

And it's David, Marco, Paul, Jasper and Dwayne, is it not?

DAVID

That's our names. How did--?

VLAD

Splendid. Let's shake.

They all shake hands with him. Vlad chortles with vampire glee.

VLAD (CONT'D)

We're going to be good friends, you and I. Very good friends.

David eyes Vlad skeptically.

DAVID

So no hard feelings about last night, eh?

VLAD

No, no, no...

The Lost Boys breathe a sigh of relief.

VLAD (CONT'D)

...Because you boys are going to make it up to me.

He grins generously. His teeth are sharp. The boys are riveted. David eyes him cagily.

DAVID

How?

VLAD

I want you boys to show me around.

DAVID

Show you around San Francisco?

VLAD

Yes, precisely. I'm new in town and it's plain to see you boys know the streets here. I am from a far-off place, my boys, a land far different from America. I have much to learn about this great country. Show me the ropes. That's my simple request. Familiarize me with this place, and we'll call it even.

David exchanges a befuddled glance with his friends at this eccentric, if dangerous, European.

DAVID

Done.

VLAD

Good, good...Now let's be off and transport this cargo to our Hotel.

He snaps open a pocketwatch.

VLAD (CONT'D)

We must hasten. Daylight arrives in five hours, and since I have urgent business at dawn, I must then bid you leave.

The Lost Boys hitch their horses to the wagon laden with Vlad's crates. Vlad swings up into the saddle of his horse. He looks around him at the bustling, gaslit docks of San Francisco. He eyes the passersby like a kid in a candy shop.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Ah, America. Truly the land of opportunity. I think I'm going to like it here.

The scruffy young thieves stare with the immaculately attired European. Vlad rides beside the wagon.

DAVID

Glad to hear it.

VLAD

Tell me, boys, where is it you all live?

DAVID

We sleep on the beach. Or on the street. Wherever.

VLAD

That's no good. It's a waste. You boys think small. You pick pockets. You practice petty thievery. Strictly small time.

DAVID

It's a living.

VLAD

It is no living. You sleep on the streets.

DAVID

Not always.

Vlad points towards the cliffs in the direction of Santa Carla and the Hotel.

VLAD

Why ever? Why, when you could reside in the best rooms our hotel down there has to offer?

DAVID

That place costs money.

VLAD

You know, I think we should move into the hotel. Establish it as our residence.

DAVID

That'd cost a pretty penny.

VLAD

Yes, I suppose it would be simpler to just buy the place. Men like us, I think we should own that hotel. What say you?

The Lost Boys chuckle, not taking him seriously.

DAVID

Absolutely.

MARCO

It's always been my ambition.

PAUL

We just have to stop at the bank. And rob it.

VLAD

Yes, yes, I think we shall buy it. Tonight, I think.

DAVID

You're joking.

Vlad looks at him soberly, his cobalt eyes gleaming.

VLAD

I never joke. You'll see.

The Lost Boys and Vlad ride out of town on the wagon laden with the vampire's belongings.

Fog rolls.

Two hazy silhouettes appear in the mist.

Viktor and Radu hurry down the mist-shrouded sidestreet...

EXT. OLD BOOKSTORE - SANTA CARLA - NIGHT

At the end of the block, a small, ancient bookstore. The Waiters hurry towards it. A small sign above the window creaks... "SANTA CARLA BOOKS".

RADU
This is the place, Viktor.

VIKTOR
It is closed. We go home now.

Radu KNOCKS on the window. The BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR ambles to the door in his robe. He squints through spectacles.

BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR
Do you know the hour? We are closed!

RADU
Please sir we are needing of book.
We have cash to pay.

The ancient Proprietor squints through his spectacles at them. He opens the door and lets the nervous Waiters in.

INT. OLD BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

A small, musty bookstore lined floor to ceiling with old books. The old man holds a kerosine lamp.

BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR
What is it you require?

The Waiters are petrified and embarrassed. Viktor and Radu make a big show of clearing their throats.

VIKTOR
We are looking for a book...a book about...

RADU
(Coughs)
Vampires.

BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR
Vampires?

VIKTOR/RADU
(Coughs)
Vampires.

The old man behind the desk scrutinizes them through thick spectacles. He chuckles sinisterly. The Waiters cringe. The man turns behind the counter and walks to a big ladder leading up a two story high level of bookshelves. Viktor tugs Radu's arm, whispering in his ear.

VIKTOR

Let's go.

RADU

Courage, Viktor.

The old bookstore owner lumbers up the ladder and rolls it along the lanes of ancient, dusty tomes. He selects one and carries it under his arm down the ladder and back to the counter. He sets it down in a cloud of dust.

BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR

Vampires. This will do?

The Waiters stare at the rotted leather binder.

The book says, "The Ways Of The Vampyre and How To Destroy Him." Viktor opens the tome with shaking hands. There are period woodcuts featuring clear likenesses of wooden stakes, sunlight, coffins, and wreathes of garlic. They turn the pages, enthralled. Then they see a series of woodcuts that paralyzes them.

It is of a Vampire, with distinctive beard and eyes, sitting at a table eating dinner of meat. He is in the countryside and is surrounded by a hundredfold forest of tall rounded wooden stakes. Impaled on them, a hundredfold, are human beings. Speared through the chest and body. Amid the writhing, bleeding, dying in agony humans, is the clear likeness of...

Vlad.

BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

You wish to buy?

The Waiters pay him furtively, grab the book, and flee the store.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The Lost Boys and Vlad ride into the glittering courtyard on the cargo-laden wagon.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - NIGHT

Vlad and The Lost Boys enter the ornate lobby of the grand Victorian Hotel. The cargo is being brought in on handtrucks by the Bellboys. Vlad expands his chest as he regards the Hotel with pleasure. He pats the boys on the back.

VLAD
Home sweet home.

INT. CASINO - HOTEL - NIGHT

It is all wood and gold. A glittering crystal chandelier dapples a fine array of gaming tables, in air thick with cigar smoke and CLATTER of CHIPS. ROBBER BARONS and their FEMALE ESCORTS flank the Roulette wheels and the Craps and 21 tables. Vlad swaggers through the gilded doors with David, Marco, Jasper, Paul, and Dwayne. With a wink to them, he walks to the Cashier.

VLAD
Do you think you boys might loan
me some cash? I seem to have
misplaced my wallet.

David and the other share a smile. David hands back his purse.

VLAD (CONT'D)
How good of you.

Vlad puts a handful of gold coins on the counter. The CASHIER hands him several thousand dollars in chips. Vlad reaches into his coat and brings out a fistful of cigars, passing them to the boys.

VLAD (CONT'D)
Let's break the bank, boys.

They light up. Heading over to the roulette wheel, Vlad puts all his chips on the black 5.

VLAD (CONT'D)
All of it. Let it ride.

MARCO
Hey, aren't you being a little
hasty?

DAVID
For some reason, I get the notion
ol' Vlad here is gonna clean up.
Let's watch.

The boys puff cigars and sidle up by the roulette table. A few bosomy CASINO GIRLS give them the eye. Vlad watches as the Tuxedoed CROUPIER spins the roulette wheel.

The Vampire stares at the Croupier, his eyes cobalt and magnetic...The roulette wheel spins around and around in a hypnotic blur...The ball lands in the red 12 slot.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sometimes I'm wrong.

MARCO
Busted.

VLAD
Cheer up, boys we won.

THE CROUPIER SEES THE BALL LANDED IN THE BLACK 5 SLOT.

THE GAMBLERS SEE IT LANDED IN THE BLACK 5 SLOT.

Vlad is using his vampire autopower of suggestion on them. The boys see that it landed in the red 12.

CROUPIER
And it's the black five. Dealer
pays.

The Croupier pushes across ten thousand dollars in chips. The boys just gape at Vlad. David shakes his head and chuckles.

DAVID
We won. How'd we win?

MARCO
I'm just going to keep my mouth
shut. I suggest you do the same.

DAVID
We won? I mean, WE WON.

The Vampire puffs his cigar, pushing the ten thousand dollars in chips back across the table to the Croupier.

VLAD
We're going to put it all
on...What say you boys?

DAVID
I say how'd you do th--?

VLAD
A number will suffice.

DAVID
Black five.

VLAD

Black five it is. We bet on the
black five again.

The Croupier spins the roulette wheel. A CLATTER as the
shimmering metallic wheel spins round and round in a
mesmerizing blur...

The Lost Boys gape at the wheel.

Heads are turning in the casino.

SIX CASINO GIRLS move over to their table. Vlad grins as
the boys get a lady on each arm...

The ball lands in the red 26.

THE CROUPIER SEES THE BALL LAND IN THE BLACK FIVE.

THE GAMBLERS SEE IT LAND IN THE BLACK FIVE.

The Lost Boys see it land in the red 26.

DAVID

We won again.

Vlad eyes him, his gaze twinkling.

VLAD

Yes.

CROUPIER

And the dealer pays...five hundred
thousand dollars. Excuse me, sir
I must go to the cashier to get
you your chips.

VLAD

Very well.

The Croupier leaves the roulette wheel. The Lost Boys
crowd Vlad.

DAVID

Vlad, I thought I was good but I
hafta hand it ya. You're the king
of the con.

VLAD

I am a King.

DAVID

Maybe you could show us how you
did that?

JASPER

Hey, Vlad, show me, would you?
Wow, you are the coolest. Bullets
don't hurt you. You can wipe out
ten guys with your bare hands.
You can walk into a casino and--.

MARCO

Vlad, you are my kind of guy.

PAUL

Let us in on your secret.

Vlad drapes a courtly arm around Marco and Paul.

VLAD

I already have, my boys.

A Casino Girl walks away from her ROBBER BARON escort and
snuggles up next to David, leaning her ample breasts on
his arm.

CASINO GIRL #1

Lucky boy.

DAVID

I'm a lucky kind of guy. Stick
around, I'm gonna get luckier.

CASINO GIRL #1

Mmmmmm. Yes you just might.

The Robber Baron walks over.

ROBBER BARON

Out of the way, kid. The girl's
with me.

DAVID

Doesn't look like it.

CASINO GIRL #1

I have a date, Robert.

ROBBER BARON

But he's--they--he's nothing but a-
-He--.

David automatically reaches in his jacket for a
switchblade.

Vlad puts his hand patiently on David's arm.

CASINO GIRL #1
Wins, Robert. He wins. And you,
you haven't won a thing all
night, poor baby.

David pats the girl on the backside. She spoons up
against him. The Robber Baron stalks off, humiliated.
Vlad winks at David. The Croupier returns with a bucket
full of chips. Vlad puffs his cigar and pushes the
bucket of chips across the roulette table.

VLAD
Let it ride...

EXT. HOTEL OWNERS OFFICE - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Croupier KNOCKS urgently on the door. It opens. THE
HOTEL OWNER, white-haired old money in a suit, pokes his
head out.

CROUPIER
Sir, we have a serious problem.
You must come right away.

He follows the Croupier quickly down the hall.

INT. CASINO - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Hotel Owner walks into the Casino. Vlad stands by
the roulette wheel, brimming with righteous indignation.

HOTEL OWNER
You wished to see me, sir?

VLAD
Am I addressing the owner of this
hotel?

HOTEL OWNER
You are sir. I am the sole
proprietor. You wished to see me?

VLAD
I did indeed. It appears we have
a problem. This establishment is
known throughout the continent as
the finest gambling casino to be
found in America and now...

He walks up to the Hotel Owner, towering over him.

VLAD (CONT'D)

And now...I AM TOLD THAT IT WILL
NOT HONOR IT'S OBLIGATION?! I AM
TOLD THAT THE HOUSE WILL NOT PAY
ME MY WINNINGS?!

The casino falls silent. The Robber Barons and
Aristocracy cramming around the gaming tables turn to
regard Vlad's booming voice. Hushed whispers among
them. The Hotel Owner turns red with embarrassment. He
speaks quietly to Vlad.

HOTEL OWNER

Please sir, I must request you
keep your voice down. I assure
you that this can be worked out.

The Lost Boys are hilariously amused by Vlad. They laugh
into their armpits.

VLAD

I HAVE COME TO THE CASINO IN GOOD
FAITH AND WON FAIRLY! I DEMAND MY
WINNINGS!

Vlad turns to face the entire casino, flamboyantly
gesturing with his arms.

VLAD (CONT'D)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU,
WHAT KIND OF HOUSE IS IT THAT DOES
NOT PAY IT'S CLIENTELE THEIR
RIGHTFUL WINNINGS! I SUGGEST THAT
YOU PAY CLOSE HEED TO THESE
PROCEEDINGS! I SUGGEST THAT YOU
TELL YOUR COLLEAGUES ABOUT THE WAY
THIS HOUSE CONDUCTS ITS BUSINESS!

The Gamblers are quickly pulling their chips away from
the tables. The Hotel Owner is seized by panic. He
takes Vlad by the sleeve.

HOTEL OWNER

But you see...We do not have the
cash at hand to pay you now.

VLAD

Surely you must have some less...
liquid assets.

HOTEL OWNER

I have only the hotel.

VLAD

That will do fine. I shall bet
all I have earned here tonight
against...the deed to this hotel.

HOTEL OWNER

I can't do that.

VLAD

YOU MUST.

The entire Casino full of Gamblers has crowded around the roulette table. The Hotel Owner looks at their attentive faces. He knows he's ruined if he backs down.

HOTEL OWNER

Very well then.

Vlad winks at the Lost Boys. They are speechless, as they see what Vlad had promised beginning to come to pass.

DAVID

Boys, I...

MARCO

Think we...

PAUL

Have a real good chance of...

DWAYNE

Owning the place.

DAVID

I wish I'd said that.

The Robber Barons and Noblemen cheer and applaud their approval. The gowned and opulent women stare at Vlad and the Lost Boys with naked lust. Vlad puffs his cigar and approaches the wheel. The Lost Boys full their cigars with cocky grins. The Hotel Owner mops sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

VLAD

Let it ride on the red 12.

The Croupier spins the wheel.

The roulette wheel whirls around and around in a metallic, hypnotic blur...

Five year old Grandpa sneaks into the Casino, watching the goings on from behind a Craps table.

INT. OFFICE - HOTEL - NIGHT

A pale, white hand drips a blob of wax from a candle on the Deed. A long, marble finger presses the signet ring on the wax, leaving the comet insignia. Vlad looks up at the Lost Boys.

VLAD

One Hotel. Signed, sealed, and delivered.

The Lost Boys stare at Vlad in admiration and amazement. The Impaler laughs. The young thieves join in.

INT. FRONT DESK - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Hotel Manager rushes through the door of the lobby, summoning the Maitre D' and the Desk Clerk with a wagging finger.

HOTEL MANAGER

I must inform you of the news that the ownership of the hotel has just changed hands and...

A BELLBOY walks by with a luggage carriage. He leans over and listens in. He puts his hand on his mouth and scurries off into--

INT. ELEVATOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Bellboy sidles up next to a CHAMBERMAID. He leans over and whispers.

BELLBOY

Have you heard the news?

CHAMBERMAID

No, what?

He tells her.

INT. MAIDS QUARTERS - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Chambermaid rushes into the housekeeping supply room, hurrying up a gathering of CHAMBERMAIDS.

CHAMBERMAID

Have you heard, have you heard?

She whispers hurriedly to the Chambermaids, who gasp.
The HEAD CHAMBERMAID, a matronly woman, barges in.

HEAD CHAMBERMAID
What is the meaning of all this
whispering?

CHAMBERMAID
I don't know if it is my place to
tell, Ma'am.

HEAD CHAMBERMAID
Do so at once.

CHAMBERMAID
Well...

INT. KITCHEN - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Head Chambermaid hurries into the kitchen and takes
the Chef aside, whispering to him.

HEAD CHEF
NEW OWNERS?

Viktor and Radu are carrying pitchers. They exchange
glances.

VIKTOR
But--.

RADU
Who--?

They walk out of the kitchen into--

INT. RESTAURANT - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Restaurant is jammed with ELEGANT DINERS. The Busboys
pour water into glasses at the table of a GERMAN COUNT
and COUNTESS.

VIKTOR
(Whispering)
But who could the new owners be?

Someone tugs on his pants leg. He looks down. Grandpa
is standing there. The five year old boy points
somebody out to them, wide-eyed in wonderment. Viktor
and Radu look where he is pointing.

Vlad has just walked into the Restaurant with the Lost
Boys.

Viktor and Radu immediately recognize the vampire with the distinctive beard and eyes from the book. The Busboys scream in comic unison.

VIKTOR/RADU

IT'S HIM!!!

They spill the pitchers of water in the laps of a German Count and Countess.

GERMAN COUNT

Ignorant fools!!!

The Busboys bow and scrape ridiculously.

VIKTOR

A thousand pardons.

RADU

A hundred hundred thousand pardons.

Across the Restaurant, Vlad swaggers up to the Maitre D'. The Lost Boys are in their street duds. They all puff big cigars. The Maitre D' stops them right there.

MAITRE D'

I'm sorry, as I told you before you must have proper attire in this restaurant. House rules.

Vlad grins, puffing his cigar.

VLAD

We own the place, my friend. We make the rules.

The Maitre D' looks over at the Hotel Manager. The man nods a solemn affirmation. The Maitre D' looks like his collar has suddenly gotten a little tight. He fiddles with it. David straightens his tie for him.

DAVID

Get the picture?

MARCO

There's, like, a new dress code.

David puffs cigar smoke in the Maitre D's face.

DAVID

And we'd like that table, there.

David indicates the best table in the house. ROBBER BARONS are sitting at it, happily puffing cigars. One is the man who accosted David in the Casino.

MAITRE D'

But sirs, it is occupied.

David puffs more smoke in the Maitre D's face. The man struggles to maintain his composure.

DAVID

Then unoccupy it.

MAITRE D'

Right away, sir

The Maitre D' whispers furtively to the Head Waiter. The Head Waiter goes to the table and ushers away the flabbergasted Diners. David gives a little wave to the furious Robber Baron.

The Maitre D' gestures Vlad and the Lost Boys to the table.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

Right this way, gentlemen.

VLAD

Oh, there's just one more thing.

MAITRE D'

What would that be, sir?

VLAD

You're fired.

Vlad and the boys walk past the crestfallen Maitre D' and sit themselves down at the table. Viktor and Radu set the table in a state of utter terror. Vlad laughs heartily with the boys. At the other tables, they are the center of attention.

VLAD (CONT'D)

It's all ours.

DAVID

I gotta hand it to ya, Vlad.

VLAD

No, I hand it to you. To all of you. My boys, you are now big wheels.

He indicates faces staring at them in the restaurant. WOMEN are gazing longingly and availably at them. ROBBER BARONS are eyeing them with respect. The Lost Boys wink at the women.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Look, all eyes are upon you. Look at those women, ready to spread their legs for you. You are rich. You are important. As it should be.

MARCO

Thanks to you, Vlad.

PAUL

What a guy.

DWAYNE

We owe you one, Vlad. No, we owe you a couple.

DAVID

Yeah, right...
David is thinking. His mind working behind his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is all real sweet, Vlad, but I could ask a question. Like, why are you doin' this for us? I mean, just last night we robbed and shot you. Now you're makin' us owners of this palace here. Don't get me wrong, I'm happy to take it, but what do you want in return? Nobody gets nothin' for free.

VLAD

Tis true.

DAVID

So...what do you want?

Vlad stops a moment, fixing his cobalt blue eyes on the boys. He grins, baring a flash of fang.

VLAD

What if I told you boys you could live forever? What if I said you would never grow old, and never die?

DAVID

I'd say I stopped believing in fairy tales a long time ago.

VLAD

This is no fairy tale. I have lived for five hundred years. I know you find that hard to believe, but it is very true, and in time you will understand. In time. And what if I told you that you, all of you, could be immortal?

The boys are transfixed. David regards Vlad skeptically.

DAVID

I'd say what's the catch?

VLAD

Catch, catch. I'm talking about immortality, never dying, living forever. Who cares what the catch was? Would you care? Would any of you?

DAVID

Probably not.

VLAD

Then let's drink to it. Let's drink to, never growing old. And never dying.

Vlad removes a large, elegantly stenciled bottle of wine from his coat. Anyway, it looks like wine. Vlad holds it out, then swigs with a sigh of sated satisfaction. He hands the bottle to Dwayne.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Drink up.

DWAYNE

Down the hatch.

Dwayne lifts the bottle to his lips.

VLAD

That's blood.

Dwayne stops, the bottle near his lips.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Or perhaps wine.

DWAYNE

That's what I thought.
Dwayne lifts the bottle to his mouth.

VLAD
Or perhaps blood.

DWAYNE
This isn't blood.

Dwayne chuckles and takes a deep swig.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
Wine.

David watches Vlad and the bottle skeptically. Dwayne hands the bottle to Jasper.

DAVID
Hey Jasper, you don't have to drink that if you don't want.

JASPER
It's just wine.

VLAD
Just wine. Isn't it?

Jasper takes a nervous swig. He laughs.

JASPER
Good stuff. What vintage?

VLAD
Five hundred year old.

Marco and Paul each take a hit off the bottle.

Paul chucks it to David.

VLAD (CONT'D)
Toast with us, David.

DAVID
I don't drink.

VLAD
Come now, lad.

DAVID
I don't touch alcohol.

VLAD
Ah, but who said it was alcohol?

DAVID
It's blood.

VLAD

Yes, yes.

David laughs.

DAVID

I don't drink.

Vlad eyes David evenly.

MARCO

C'mon David. Drink. DRINK.
DRINK...

Marco claps his hands. Paul claps his hands.

PAUL/MARCO

DRINK. DRINK. DRINK....

DWAYNE/PAUL/MARCO

DRINK. DRINK. DRINK....

Dwayne and Jasper clap their hands.

JASPER/DWAYNE/PAUL/MARCO

DRINK. DRINK. DRINK. DA-VID. DA-
VID.

Vlad grins through sharpened teeth over the strangely colored bottle of wine.

VLAD

You don't want to be unsociable.

DAVID

This once.

David raises the bottle to his lips. He takes a mouthful. Then he spits it on the floor.

Vlad's eyes darken.

VLAD

Tsk. Tsk. Such a waste.

The other Lost Boys shiver from the effect of the beverage. Their reaction is almost sexual.

David pours some of stuff inside the bottle on his palm. It is, in fact, blood.

DAVID

This is blood.

The Lost Boys look at David. He shows them his hand. They start looking a little queasy.

DWAYNE

That is blood.

They look at Vlad. He shrugs.

VLAD

Did I not say?

DAVID

You made my friends drink blood.

VLAD

Yes.

DAVID

That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen. Fuck you and fuck the horse you rode in on, pal. I don't know who you are or what your problem is but we're parting company. So long, Vlad. It's been fun.

David shoots an authoritative glance to the boys. They automatically side with him.

MARCO

Hey, David, don't be too hard on Vlad he's--

DAVID

Shut up, Marco. This guy's sick. I don't want him around us.

Vlad looks crestfallen.

VLAD

Boys, I thought we were friends.

DAVID

I thought so, too. Stay clear of us, Vlad.

David gets up from the table with his friends and leads them away across the restaurant. Vlad stops them with a low, bone-chilling tone of voice.

VLAD

Poor, poor boys. You don't realize it is too late for you to back out now. You need me now boys, more than you know.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)
 And you will come back to me. By
 morning. At sunup, you will have
 to have my help. So tomorrow
 evening, come see me at the
 lighthouse. Until then...

He chuckles.

VLAD (CONT'D)
 Have a nice...day.

David and the Lost Boys leave the restaurant. Vlad sips his wine.

EXT. COURTYARD - HOTEL - NIGHT

The Robber Baron who accosted David at the Casino climbs into his carriage, a Casino Girl draped on his arm. The COACHMAN on the roof cracks the whip, steering the horse-drawn coach out of the Hotel grounds.

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT

FLYING P.O.V.: High over the cliffs, soaring down over the road twisting along the brink of the cliffs. The tiny carriage tools all by itself there...

EXT. COACH - CLIFFS - NIGHT

The Coachman steers the team of horses carefully along the treacherous cliff road. He hears something. He looks over his shoulder, then screams in fear. Panic-stricken, he whips the horses, racing the coach hell-for-leather down the cliff road. He looks over his shoulder again, face torn with terror.

The coach wheels SKID by the edge of the sheer cliffs that drop hundreds of feet to the rocks and crashing surf below.

INT. COACH - NIGHT

The Robber Baron drops his cigar as the carriage pitches and weaves beneath him. His date screams hysterically as the coach jounces violently along the cliff.

EXT. COACH - CLIFFS - NIGHT

FLYING P.O.V.: Swooping down on the Coachman, dragging him and the entire roof of the coach into the sky...

INT. COACH - NIGHT

The Robber Baron and his girl look up in raw terror as the roof is sheared off.

FLYING P.O.V.: BLASTING DOWN IN A RUSH OF WIND on the two people in the runaway coach, ripping them to meaty shreds in an chorus of blood, bone and flying wood.

The team of horses break free of the coach and gallop off down the cliff road.

The SCREAMS FADE with the BURST of SURF....

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

The silhouettes of the roiling waves in the grey morning light.

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

A wall of hot, hot daylight as the sun SMOULDERS over the Hotel.

INT. STAIRCASE - HOTEL - DAY

David heads down the massive, winding marble stairway.

VIKTOR

Psst.

David looks around.

RADU

Psssst.

The Lost Boy gets to the bottom of the staircase. Viktor and Radu, the two Busboys, huddle under the stairwell.

DAVID

You whispering at me?

VIKTOR

Yes, please hush, we must speak to you it is a matter of grave importance.

RADU

Please we must speak.

David ducks under the staircase.

DAVID
I'd like to talk to you but my
friends they--

RADU
Burned up in the daylight?

VIKTOR
The sun made them on fire?

David listens closely, eyeing the two carefully.

DAVID
That would be odd.

RADU
After, perhaps, they drank human
blood?

DAVID
That would be odder.

VIKTOR
Please, sir, look...

The Cooks show him the Vampyre manual. David leafs through it. His eyes widen as he sees woodcut after folkloric woodcut of Vampire monsters leaning over terrified innocents and draining them of blood. The pictures are terrifying. Dawning horror reads on David's features as he sees what vampires truly are and what lies in store for his friends...

A vampire burning up in daylight...

A pack of vampires descending on a group of small children...

A row of coffins...

DAVID
This is just an old book.

He turns the page.

The woodcut of Vlad sitting having dinner amid the crowd of corpses impaled on the forest of rounded wooden stakes. The eyes... the goatee...the unmistakable likeness. David rubs his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
J-just an old book.

He slams the book shut.

VIKTOR

It is the truth.

RADU

You must destroy the vampire, or he will turn you and your friends into vampires such as him. Viktor and Radu hover by David.

VIKTOR

He was with you.

RADU

We know him, sir. From the old country. He is Vlad Tepsch. They called him Vlad The Impaler. My Grandmother told me stories as a child about this...king of all vampires. He must be destroyed. You must wreath the room with garlic, then drive a stake through his heart.

VIKTOR

No, no, Radu. That is much too complicated and garlic is a wives tale. Grandmother told me. You must use a knife of pure silver and plunge it through his heart--.

RADU

That's werewolves.

VIKTOR

Grandmother said--.

RADU

Grandmother told me that only sure method is to stuff his mouth with garlic and then hammer a stake made of the wood of an oak tree--.

VIKTOR

My great uncle in Romania destroyed the Vampire of the Black Forest by using a stake made of birch--.

David glares impatiently at the bickering Busboys. He grabs them by the scruff of the neck.

DAVID

You both are a pair of idiots.
You're full of crap. You take
this book and get back to the
kitchen or I'll fire you and have
you thrown out of this Hotel. I
can do that. I own the place.
You understand?

VIKTOR

But--.

DAVID

Get outta here.

RADU

Quiet Viktor, we go.

They scurry away. David is very uneasy. He walks into
the lobby of the Hotel.

David bumps into...

Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

David.

DAVID

Hi. Excuse me. How are you?

RUSSIAN BODYGUARD #1

Watch where you go.

They smile brightly at one another. A Russian Bodyguard
pushes David aside, two more Bodyguards blocking
Anastasia from him. The Chaperone walks up to David and
glares at him.

CHAPERONE

I'll thank you not to talk to the
princess now or in the future,
young man. She does not consort
with the likes of yourself.

ANASTASIA

But Nana-- .

CHAPERONE

Hush, child. It is time for
supper.

Anastasia is led into the restaurant. She looks at David
apologetically as she goes, before the Bodyguards block
her from view.

David watches them go. And smiles, an idea dawning.

INT. RESTAURANT - HOTEL - NIGHT

In a dining cubicle, Anastasia is having supper with her Chaperone and the Russian Bodyguards.

ANASTASIA

Nana, do you think we might have a picnic on the beach tomorrow? It is so beautiful here in Santa Carla, and might I do my studies there by the water?

CHAPERONE

Of course, my child. That is a fine idea.

The HEADWAITER comes over to the table with a bottle of champagne.

HEADWAITER

Pardon, Madame and Mademoiselle. The owner of this hotel has sent you this bottle of the finest champagne in the house.

Anastasia looks up. The Chaperone is flattered.

CHAPERONE

How good of him. Please give him my thanks.

ANASTASIA

How sweet.

HEADWAITER

Madame and Mademoiselle, I am to tell you that your meal is on the house and that the owner requests your presence in the ballroom for a private function if you are not too tired.

Anastasia is embarrassed. The Chaperone beams.

ANASTASIA

Nana, I do not know...

CHAPERONE

You may tell the owner that the Princess Anastasia and I would be delighted to attend. When are we expected?

HEADWAITER

I believe immediately, Madame.

Anastasia rolls her eyes. The Chaperone beams.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - NIGHT

Anastasia and her Chaperone and Bodyguards are being escorted down the magnificent, ebony-tiered hallway by ten tuxedoed HOTEL BELLBOYS. The Chaperone is pleased as punch. Anastasia is just plain nervous. The doors to the ballroom are flung open and Anastasia and her entourage are whisked into--

INT. BALLROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

A stunningly romantic sight. Anastasia gasps.

The entire ballroom is lined with candelabras, filling the huge room with soft candlelight. A STRING QUARTET is playing a waltz by Strauss. A small army of HOTEL BELLBOYS in tuxedos line the place at attention. As soon as Anastasia appears, they bow and remove their top hats. The Hotel Manager walks up to them and kisses their hands.

HOTEL MANAGER

The Owner is honored by your presence here today.

CHAPERONE

Oh, the pleasure is all ours.

Anastasia beams, captivated by the show.

ANASTASIA

Nana, it's so beautiful.

HOTEL MANAGER

If we might take your coats, Madame and Mademoiselle...

The Chaperone giggles foolishly as her coat is chivalrously removed by a Bellboy. Anastasia's eyes are bright as a little girls as she looks around. Two glasses of champagne are brought on a tray by a WAITER. They both sip them.

ANASTASIA

When do we meet him?

DAVID

Hello, Anastasia.

David is standing there, polished and dashing in a fine suit of silk and lace. His hair is brushed back. He is manicured. He is wearing riding boots. With a pirate grin, he bows and kisses Anastasia's hand. Anastasia's face bursts with humor. The Chaperone nearly has a heart attack.

CHAPERONE

You are the owner of the hotel?

ANASTASIA

You are the owner of the hotel?

DAVID

I am your host.

HOTEL MANAGER

He is.

CHAPERONE

Well, this is all so gracious of you.

CHAPERONE (CONT'D)

I must apologize for my behavior earlier I had no idea that you were the--I can't apologize enough for--.

DAVID

You can make it up to me.

CHAPERONE

But how?

David extends his hand to Anastasia.

DAVID

I wonder if I might dance with the princess?

ANASTASIA

I'd be delighted.

David nods at the Chaperone.

DAVID

That is if you don't mind.

The woman smiles her approval.

CHAPERONE

Not at all.

The String Quartet whips up an enchanting waltz. David leads Anastasia out on the dance floor. He leads her hand and takes her by the waist, gently twirling her in a half decent waltz.

DAVID

Having fun?

ANASTASIA

David.

DAVID

Yes.

ANASTASIA

I believe the man leads the lady
with the other hand.

DAVID

I knew that.

She laughs. David laughs as he changes hands with her. The two young people waltz softly, the entire ballroom all to themselves.

ANASTASIA

David.

DAVID

Yes.

ANASTASIA

Did you own this Hotel yesterday?

DAVID

No.

ANASTASIA

I knew that.

DAVID

Because I only met you yesterday.

ANASTASIA

You bought this hotel because of
me?

DAVID

Of course. Why else? I'm going to have it painted tomorrow. So it'll match your eyes.

ANASTASIA

Then you had better look carefully so that the painters don't have to do it over again.

DAVID

I guess I better.

David twirls with her around a pillar in the ballroom. They are shielded from the view of the Chaperone. They stop dancing. David and Anastasia stare into each other's eyes. He leans in. Their lips meet. She opens her eyes and smiles. He kisses her again.

ANASTASIA

Do that again.

David kisses her deeply.

DAVID

I think you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

I want to dance forever.

DAVID

Me too.

ANASTASIA

David, did I see you with some other boys the other night?

DAVID

Yes. They're friends of mine.

ANASTASIA

Where are they?

DAVID

Around.

David whirls her out onto the ballroom floor and waltzes with the ravishing Russian Princess by the light of three hundred candelabras. In the shadows, Vlad stands. The Impaler closes his arms like the wings of some huge bat and whisk away in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLIFFS - DAWN

David and Anastasia ride together in the saddle. Seagulls circle in the blue, cloud puffed sky. He holds onto his waist as they ride across the breathtaking Southern California vista.

ANASTASIA

It is so beautiful.

DAVID

Not as beautiful as you, my lady.

Anastasia brushes her waving hair from her eyes. He turns his head to smile in her face. She kisses him softly. He stops the horse.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here.

ANASTASIA

Oh David, it is the most special place in the world.

David sets out a blanket and opens the picnic basket. He pours a white wine and lays out a lunch.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

You are so lucky to live here.
Russia is so cold. Here I could remain forever.

David nestles up with her, stroking her hair.

DAVID

You know, when I was a little boy growing up on the docks, I used to ride out here, sometimes just hitchin' a ride on the back of a buggy. I used to come just to look at that Hotel there. It was the place I wanted to be, where people were rich and beautiful and danced and lived a good life. I used to stay all day, just starin' up at that big jewel on the cliff.

David turns Anastasia's face to him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I always thought it was the Hotel I wanted, but I see now it wasn't. It was you.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
You were the beautiful something I
knew was out there, and dreamed
about. This day. Right here.
With you.

ANASTASIA
That's the sweetest thing anyone
has ever said to me, David.

They kiss. Anastasia puts her arms around him and they
fall into the tall grass. David kisses her softly and
strokes her hair. Anastasia starts to cry. David is
shaken.

DAVID
Anastasia, what's wrong?

ANASTASIA
I am so sad. You are so
wonderful, David, and I want to be
with you always.

DAVID
Yer my lady, Anastasia. Where you
go, I go.

She looks up at David, moist-eyed.

ANASTASIA
I must go, David. I have to
attend school in San Francisco.

DAVID
When are you going?

ANASTASIA
I leave this afternoon.

David sits up, struck.

DAVID
Can't you stay?

ANASTASIA
David...I cannot disappoint my
parents.

DAVID
How about if I came up with you? I
want to be with you Anastasia.
I'll pack up here and meet you in
San Francisco.

Anastasia throws her arms around David.

ANASTASIA

Oh, David. Would you?

DAVID

I will if you'll do one thing for me.

ANASTASIA

Anything, David.

DAVID

Be my girl.

ANASTASIA

Yes.

They embrace.

DAVID

In San Francisco, when I come up, I'll get us the finest horse-drawn carriage in town, and I'll buy you the most beautiful dress anybody's ever laid eyes on. Then I'll have the coach covered with hundreds of red roses and you 'n me, we'll ride down Main Street on Sunday afternoons. All of 'Frisco will turn out. We'll wave to the Mayor and he'll tip his hat to us. Yeah, we'll ride that golden coach through town like a proper gentleman and lady and for the next hunnert years they'll be talkin' about what a swell couple you and I was. Course, they'll mostly talk about you, and how lucky I was to be with the most beautiful girl this side'a creation...Just as soon as I get ta San Francisco.

ANASTASIA

How romantic. I would love that.

DAVID

Me too, Anastasia.

He sweeps the girl up in his arms, and helps her onto the horse. They ride off back towards the Hotel.

EXT. COURTYARD - HOTEL - DAY

A huge, ornate carriage pulled by a team of magnificent horses is parked in the courtyard. Russian Bodyguards are loading many suitcases and elaborate baggage onto the coach. Anastasia, dressed in royal finery, stands by the doorway. David is with her. The Chaperone curtsies and David kisses her hand like he is to the manor born. David stands alone with Anastasia.

DAVID

Have a safe trip.

ANASTASIA

You will be there soon. I shall not be able to stand it until I am in your arms again.

DAVID

See you soon, Anastasia.

With that, she gathers her skirts into the coach. The Coachman cracks the whip and the carriage rolls out of the courtyard. David stands smitten, waving at the receding figure of the Russian Princess in the window of the coach, as she blows him a kiss from her purloined glove. And is gone.

David heads purposefully inside the Hotel.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DAWN

David enters. Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper are asleep on the couches and the bed, still in their clothes.

David opens the shutters...

A shaft of sunlight hits Marco's hand.

A flash of fire as his flesh burns like parchment.

He recoils with a terrible scream.

David, Dwayne, Jasper and Paul leap awake. Marco sits on the bed staring at his flaming arm. He bats it desperately on the pillows and sheets.

MARCO

I'M BURNING!!!

Paul leaps to his feet and runs across the room to help his friend. He runs through a beam of bright sunlight. His back and chest explode in fire.

With an agonized shriek, he falls on the floor. David jumps on him with a blanket, putting out the flames. The sun is filling the room. Marco's thrashing leg touches the daylight and burns like napalm. The smoke of roasting flesh fill the air, diffusing the sunlight. Dwayne heaves Marco under the bed and quenches the flames. David rushes to the window and throws the shutters.

The room is dark.

The moans of the two vampire boys.

DAVID

What the fuck?

MARCO

The sun. The fucking sun.

DAVID

Are you alright?

PAUL

The sun made us burn. He did this. Vlad did this. What's happening to us?

They exchange terrified glances.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Moon high.

The lighthouse sits bleak and stark on the desolate section of beach. The surf bursts in the passing flare of the lighthouse beacon.

The Lost Boys ride up. Marco is slumped in his saddle, bandaged, pale, and sickly. Paul, also bandaged and ill, is buckled over in his saddle. David dismounts his horse. He looks to the others, shivering in the cold surf wind.

DAVID

Come on.

David walks with his friends towards the lighthouse.

He opens the lighthouse door with a RUSTY CREAK.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

David and the Lost Boys walk in.

High above them, the huge beacon slowly revolves, making the interior dark then light. A long winding staircase circles towards the turret.

Hanging upside down from the light, like a bat, is Vlad.

David stops his friends.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Wait here. I'll go.

He starts up the staircase.

Vlad's upside down eyes pop open. He floats down onto the stairs above David. His face is impassive, inhuman in a flare of the lighthouse beacon. David faces him fearlessly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You did this to them.

VLAD
Yes. But don't worry.

DAVID
Don't worry?!!! Look at them!!!

VLAD
They simply haven't fed.

DAVID
What did you to them, Vlad? It was the blood.

VLAD
Did I not tell you? It was my blood, David. They have my blood in their veins and now they are like me. Don't be afraid. I simply have to teach them. They'll be alright. David, they're going to live forever. You can live forever.

David faces Vlad on the staircase. The young thief finds himself looking into skull-like eyes five hundred years old. Vlad tries to touch his arm.

DAVID
You stay away from me, Vlad. You help my friends.

VLAD
Bring them.

The two vampirized boys are helped up the stairs by Dwayne and Jasper. They are led, stumbling and bandaged, towards Vlad standing on the steps above them. The Vampire King regards the agonized, bloodless boys with pity.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Tsk. Tsk.

MARCO

H-help.

PAUL

P-please help us.
David eyes him evenly.

DAVID

Help them.

VLAD

I know it hurts, boys, but I'll
stop the pain.

Vlad sighs. He bares a set of canine-like teeth and drives them into the marble flesh of his two wrists. Blackish blood seeps. The Lost boys stare in horror. Vlad smacks his lips.

VLAD (CONT'D)

You will never grow old, and you
will never die, but you must feed.
Come here.

Marco and Paul are on their hands and knees on the steps.

Vlad grabs Marco by the hair and jams his face against one wrist. Marco grimaces as the blood smears his face. Then he sucks. Drinking ravenously. It comes naturally. Vlad nods knowingly.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Yes, yes. That's better, isn't
it? Yes, much better. It's so
easy. You drink, now you feel
better.

The boys recoil in horror and disgust. All except Paul. He watches from his hands and knees in mixed horror and...want.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Now you.

Paul fastens to his other wrist like a hungry animal, slurping the blood from Vlad's veins.

The Vampire King looms over the two Lost Boys, holding his arms out as one boy each drinks from each wrist. His lips bare back over his fangs in horrid sated satisfaction.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhh, yes.

The vampire boys drink away. In the centrifuge whirl of the lighthouse beacon, they are strobed with blinding light.

VLAD

Yes yes. Feels good. No, no, that's enough. That's enough!!!

With a ferocious snarl, Vlad viciously backhands both boys off his wrists, ripping their famished teeth free as they are knocked backwards against the wall.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Drink more and you will kill me!

The two vampire boys rise to their feet, flushed with strange new...life.

VLAD (CONT'D)

I have much to show you. You will learn. I will teach you.

David, Dwayne, and Jasper watch on in dreamy horror. Paul and Marco stagger up the winding staircase, staring at Vlad as if hypnotized. He rears over them.

David backs up to Dwayne and Jasper.

DAVID

The blood in the bottle...it was his blood.

DWAYNE

Jasper.

JASPER

Dwayne.

DWAYNE

We drank it too.

David looks at them with dawning horror.

DAVID

Then you too.

VLAD

Listen well, boys. You are no longer the same as mortal men.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)

You are immortal. Nearly indestructible. You drink blood. Like I drink blood, so now do you. It will give you life. Without it, you will die. The sun will kill you. You can no longer see the day. Ever again. You live at night and the night will give you strength no mortal man can dream of. But you are of my kind now, and I must show you the ways of our kind. I must show you how to kill. You have to kill. David. Join us. Live forever. Join us.

He holds out his arms, baring two punctured marble wrists. David sees a crowbar on the ground.

DAVID

Noooooooooooo!

David grabs the crowbar and strikes it across Vlad's skull with all his strength. A WET THUD. The Vampire King grunts and falls down the winding staircase, tumbling head over heels to the stone floor below. Vlad lies sprawled and inert in the stark sweep of the lighthouse beam. David and the Lost Boys stare down at him in fear and shock.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So long, Vlad.

MARCO

Do you think you killed him?

DAVID

Do you?

David faces the others.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let's go.

David grabs the other boys, trying to push them towards the door. They don't go, looking unsure.

MARCO

I don't know, David.

PAUL

I don't think we better go.

DAVID

MOVE.

David tries to pull Dwayne and Jasper. They tug away from him.

DWAYNE
We're not leaving.

David grabs them by the shirts.

DAVID
YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE HIM?!
DRINKING BLOOD! BURNING UP IN THE
SUNLIGHT! WE GOTTA GET AWAY!
GOTTA GET TO A DOCTOR AND GET YOU
FIXED! HE'S KILLING YOU! YOU
DRANK BLOOD YOU FUCKING IDIOTS!

Marco and Paul look revolted. Dwayne and Jasper look at David in fear.

MARCO
What are we gonna do?

DAVID
Ride.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

On the beachhead, the Lost Boys stand by their horses. David swings up into his saddles.

DAVID
C'mon.

Taking a deep breath, Marco, Paul, Dwayne and Jasper climb into the saddles of their horses. THE BOOMING of the SURF. The Lost Boys ride off up the beach.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The five Lost Boys gallop on horseback across the open, empty Southern California brushlands. David pulls up his horse. Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper rein their horses.

DAVID
There's a freight line that passes
through here about ten miles
away. We hop the train to
'Frisco. Find a doctor there.

MARCO
Sounds good, but David...

DAVID

Yeah?

MARCO

I think we better hurry.

The sky is turning a lighter shade. The vampire boys regard it with dread.

DAVID

C'MON!

He spurs his horse.

The vampire boys gallop after him.

The sky whitens.

The five riders charge across the flatlands.

EXT. SUN - DAWN

The boiling fireball of the sun lifts over the horizon.

White hot daylight SIZZLES across the sky.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

David hears the screams behind him. He looks over his shoulder. The vampire boys are on fire...Marco's hair and clothes are smoking. Paul's face wafts steam. Flames flicker across Dwayne's hands on the reins. Jasper's skin erupts like a match tossed in kerosene. The vampire boys, now fiery torches, trail black smoke as they cling desperately to the saddles of their horses.

MARCO

WE'RE BURNING!!!

PAUL

IT HURTS HELP IT HURTS!!!

DAVID

HOLD ON!

He sees a Union Pacific train hurtling across the tracks in the valley below. The Lost Boys gallop for their lives, burning up.

The sun explodes over the horizon like a nuclear bomb.

EXT. BOXCAR - TRAIN - DAWN

An open boxcar.

David rides up alongside and leans out of the saddle, grabbing hold of a ladder. He clambers off his horse into the darkened boxcar. Leaning out, he holds out his hand. He yells at the top of his lungs to the four vampire boys spewing fire and smoke on their horses galloping by the side of the rocketing train.

DAVID
GIMMIE YOUR HANDS!!!

Marco reaches for him with a fiery paw. David grabs it. He screams himself as he is burnt while tugging Marco into the boxcar. David's hands are seared as he grabs first Paul, then Jasper, and hauls the flaming vampires inside. The treasure-laden saddlebags fall off the horses, the fortune in gold and jewels spilling out into the dust. Gritting his teeth in pain, David leans out of the train and takes Dwayne's blazing hand, heaving him off his horse into the--

INT. BOXCAR - TRAIN - DAWN

David slams the sliding door closed against the immolating rays of the sun. The boxcar is dark. David slides to the floor, hugging his scalded hands under his armpits. The vampire boys cringe in the darkness. Their faces are burnt and charred, their eyes like white marbles, their hair and clothes blackened and badly scorched.

DAVID
You all alright?

MARCO
Yeah.

PAUL
I'm okay.

DWAYNE
Me and Jasper are okay.

DAVID
We got away. It's gonna be alright.

The sunburned Lost Boys rest around the recesses of the RATTLING freight car.

JASPER
I'm n-not alright.

DAVID
What's wrong?

JASPER
I'm hungry.

David looks at his vampire friends. They are looking at him back.

David eyes them, just a little nervously. Dwayne puts his hand on Jasper's shoulder.

DWAYNE
We're all tired, that's all. We have to sleep during the day. Let's get some rest. We'll wait until night, then we'll feed.

DAVID
Good idea. Go to sleep. We could all use some rest.

The vampire boys close their eyes, lulled into slumber by the CLATTER of the TRAIN WHEELS. David doesn't sleep. He doesn't even close his eyes. He takes a clove of garlic out of his pocket and fingers it apprehensively.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The Union Pacific train THUNDERS over the TRACKS, disappearing into the vast, sunkissed Southern California countryside.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DUSK

The lighthouse sits framed in scary silhouette by the setting sun.

The sun drops below the horizon. It is night.

The glass windows of the lighthouse turret EXPLODE outwards in huge gusts of flying glass and debris. The lighthouse lantern is obliterated in a thousand pieces. Vlad is briefly glimpsed as he flies like a missile into the sky, HIS ROAR of FURY ECHOING over the CRASH of the SURF.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

The Union Pacific train is a lonely silhouette against the red ball of the setting sun shrinking below the horizon.

Night falls on the desolate landscape.

INT. BOX CAR - TRAIN - NIGHT

David is awake and wearied. He looks across the rocking freight car to see his vampire buddies awaken and yawn.

DAVID

Rise and shine.

MARCO

Is it night yet?

DAVID

Yeah. I think.

MARCO

We must be half the way to Frisco.

PAUL

I'm starving.

DWAYNE

We need to feed.

Marco approaches David.

DAVID

Don't even think about it.

MARCO

Relax, David. We're friends.

PAUL

Don't worry, David.

MARCO

Poor David thinks we're gonna eat him. When do you think the train stops?

DAVID

Soon.

DWAYNE

How long to Frisco?

There is a nervous tension in the air.

DAVID

Few hours.

PAUL

We're gonna work us up an appetite
by then.

The vampire boys are now on their feet. They prowl the freight car like a pack of wolves. David gets to his feet. He looks at them. They look at him.

MARCO

Anybody got a pack of cards?

PAUL

HEY, BUDDY!

Paul claps David on the back. He whirls around in alarm.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Relax.

Marco shows a fine new set of fangs.

DAVID

I'm relaxed.

The vampire boys are eyeing him like Sunday dinner in spite of themselves. They are getting antsy. David is becoming fearful.

MARCO

Yep, just wait until the train
stops. Just gotta hang in there
until then. Cause we gotta feed.

PAUL

We gotta feed.

DWAYNE

Gotta feed.

DAVID

We're all friends. Always.
Remember?

MARCO

YOU GOT IT, OLD BUDDY!!!

Marco bares his fangs and butts his head at David's neck. David ducks anxiously. Marco puts his head through the side of the train car.

He pulls it out, his charred face filled with wood splinters. He grins in fanged gooniness.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What are friends for?

David ducks again as Paul throws a punch at his head. The fist goes through the side of the boxcar, showering boards. David runs for his life as his pack of vampire friends attack him. He crawls through the hole.

EXT. BOX CAR - TRAIN - NIGHT

David grabs onto the boards outside the train and climbs out. Marco grabs his leg and tries to dig his fangs into David's ankle. David kicks him back into the train, pulling free. The Lost Boy desperately climbs onto the roof of the boxcar. One by one, Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper shimmy up the side of the dangerously speeding freight train. THE THUNDER of the WIND and the WHEELS on the RAILS fills the air. David treacherously negotiates his footing over the top of the box car. His four vampire friends are coming for him. They walk with supernatural ease over the roof after him.

DAVID

GET AWAY FROM ME!

MARCO

HEY, DAVID, DON'T BE A PARTY
POOPER!

JASPER

GO WITH THE FLOW, DAVID! IT'S NOT
SO BAD!

PAUL

WE'RE GONNA GETCHA, DAVID!

DWAYNE

DON'T FALL, DAVID!

David totters off-balance on the top of the hurtling train. He looks at the space between cars. Down below, the wheels spark and flash as they careen over the blurred tracks and trestles. David takes a deep breath and jumps onto the--

EXT. MILITARY TRANSPORT CAR - TRAIN - NIGHT

--next car. He crawls across it, away from his inexorable vampire friends. They step across the space between the cars like they are walking on air.

MARCO
IT'S ALL OVER, DAVID!

DAVID
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

MARCO
THERE'S FOUR OF US AND ONLY ONE OF
YOU!

DWAYNE
WE'RE NOT TRYIN' TO PRESSURE YOU
OR NOTHIN'!

JASPER
BUT YOU'RE MAKING THIS TOUGH ON
YOURSELF!

PAUL
YOU'RE GONNA HAFTA JOIN US!

MARCO
BECAUSE YOU'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA
TRAIN!

David whirls around. He sees he is standing on the last car of the train. He staggers unsteadily across the roof as the vampires pursue him unstoppably. David gets to the edge of the car. He sees the tracks below rushing away with impossible speed. Instant death if he jumps.

David jumps.

The vampire boys look at each other in confusion.

MARCO (CONT'D)
DAAAAYVVVID!!!

David has jumped onto the rear balcony of the train car. He throws a glance up at the roof, then pushes through the door into--

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT CAR - TRAIN - NIGHT

He closes the door.

25 MARINES in period military greys and helmets look at him. They are carrying rifles and pistols in their seats. The Lost Boy is out of place in his grungy portside duds and leather coat. A MARINE SERGEANT walks up to him, unsnapping his pistol holster.

MARINE SERGEANT

This is an army car, punk. Make yourself scarce.

The windows explode.

Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper come crashing into the car. The Marine Sergeant whirls around on them.

MARCO

Hi, David. Trying to enlist?

TEN MARINES rise from their seats. They are big men and they look ready to break the boys apart. The vampire boys show their fangs.

CCCCRRRRRRRAAAASSSSHHHHHHHHH!!!

The roof of the train is torn off. The Lost Boys and the Marines duck as wood and metal shrapnel rains down on them. Wind rips the open car.

Vlad lands on the floor of the train car. His eyes are bloodshot and raging. He bares his fangs in a sickening grin. He spreads his arms in a beatific embrace.

VLAD

My boys.

The Soldiers in the train car bump into each other in confusion. They grab their rifles and pistols. David whirls on the vampire king and clenches his fists, screaming.

DAVID

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS
VAMPIRES!!!

Vlad winks.

VLAD

Oh no?

He throws a piece of metal at the lights and shatters them. The train is plunged into darkness. Vlad attacks ten Marines, laying into them like a butcher on a herd of cows. Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper assault the soldiers with the bloodthirsty abandon of their full vampire powers. Blood flies. Screams of death fill the air. The Marines OPEN FIRE on the half-seen vampires with their rifles. GUNSHOTS and MUZZLEFLASHES ignite the darkness in a surreal strobelight.

Flashbulb pops of bleeding, slaughtered soldier faces. Bullets RICOCHETTING off the walls.

Vlad is shot many times in the body and he laughs as he wades into the wall of human flesh, tearing the soldiers limb from limb. The vampire boys are hit by the bullets and they hoot and holler in the violent adrenalin of their immortality as they tear the flesh from the soldiers with their teeth. It is an abattoir.

DAVID

NNN00000000000000000000!!!

David struggles with the Marine Sergeant. The man shoves the barrel of the rifle in David's gut. He FIRES.

SLOW MOTION: David is flung off his feet as the bullet rips through his body. He hits the back wall, sliding to the floor, sliming the wall with blood.

David lies in a pool of blood, his life ebbing. He touches the bullet hole in his stomach. His eyes roll up in their sockets.

Vlad and the vampire boys surround him, their faces etched with concern.

DAVID P.O.V.: Bleary and out of focus. The vampire boys hovering over him like strange angels. Vlad's face looms, his cobalt eyes ablaze, his white goatee stained with blood. He smiles with priestlike serenity.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I-I'm shot bad.

VLAD

You don't have to die. Ever.
Join us. Yes or no.

David shivers as his life drains from him.

He nods.

Vlad bares his fangs.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

Vlad, Marco, Paul, Dwayne, and Jasper stand together posing for a formal photograph. Vlad wears a top hat and tails. The vampirized Lost Boys are newly attired in fine silken suits. They hold their heads high, looking quite dashing.

FLASHBULB POP.

The PHOTOGRAPHER takes his head out from under the black cloth behind the big tintype camera on the tripod. He removes the tintype photo and regards it...

The picture is blank, showing only the wall behind the vampires.

The photographer looks confused.

A low chuckle o.s..

The Photographer looks up. He screams.

Blood splatters the photograph.

INT. BEDROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

David opens his eyes.

He is lying in bed, alone in the room. He is pale.

Groggily, he sits up and regards the dried blood on his shirt. He pulls open his shirt.

There is no bullet hole in his stomach.

David staggers into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

David goes to the sink and turns the tap. He splashes cold water on his face. He looks into the mirror.

And sees no reflection.

He puts his face in his hands.

VLAD
I want a word with you.

David turns to face Vlad, looming grimly behind him.

VLAD (CONT'D)
Join us in the living room.
Promptly.

David nods. Vlad leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

David walks into the living room. The rest of the Lost Boys are there. Vlad stands with his back to them, his cane in his hands. He turns to face them, his eyes horrid.

VLAD

I will explain this to you but once. I made you vampires for one reason only. You are here to serve me. You are to do my bidding. You are to do precisely as I tell you or my punishment will be your swift extinction. I can exterminate you in ways you cannot even imagine. And I will not hesitate...I have come to America to continue what I was no longer able to in Romania. I have a great deal of work ahead for me and you boys are to be my little footsoldiers. You will march like good obedient little soldiers. You will say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" and will never question my orders. You will do as instructed and I will see you survive and feed and live in luxury. Consider yourselves exceedingly fortunate that I did not slaughter you and feed from you that first night. I have given you immortality. Eternal life. But there is a price. My price. It is complete and total obedience under penalty of death. Any questions?

Vlad cracks a dark, fanged grin. The Lost Boys regard The Impaler in undisguised fear. David alone seems unafraid, simply apathetic.

VLAD (CONT'D)

I have come to America for a purpose. That purpose is to set up my domain here. I intend to populate this country with great armies of vampires such as us. This is why I chose the coast of San Francisco. A great seaport. Ships traveling in and out to all points on the globe.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)
Travelers coming to this Hotel,
where we can make them such as
us, then let them go forth on ships
and trains to populate. It is the
start of 1900, my boys, and by the
end of this century vampires
shall rule the world. With I its
sole master.

DAVID
I got one question.

The Lost Boys look at him.

VLAD
You may speak.

DAVID
If us vampires run the world,
whose gonna be left for us to
bite? Sounds like a pretty stupid
plan to me, Vlad. I'm outta here.

VLAD
I will not permit you to leave.

DAVID
And how will you stop me?

VLAD
I will kill you.

DAVID
I'm already dead.

VLAD
For vampires, death is only the
beginning. There is destruction
for vampires, and it is far worse
than simple death.

David yawns.

DAVID
I'm just shaking in my boots.

Vlad's evil eyes pierce David's skull.

VLAD
I will warn you once, David. Do
not provoke me. You will do my
bidding, David. Or you will face
destruction at my hands. Do we
understand each other?

DAVID

You don't scare me.

Suddenly the room shakes. A LOW RUMBLE TREMBLES the floor. A minor earthquake shakes the hotel. The windows rattle. Vlad looks suddenly alarmed.

VLAD

What in--

David laughs.

DAVID

It's a small earthquake, Vlad.
We get them from time to time in
California.

Vlad collects himself.

VLAD

I see.

DAVID

I've heard you out, Vlad. You know
what I've got to say?

Vlad regards David icily.

VLAD

Yes?

DAVID

Go fuck yourself.

Vlad turns black with anger. David looks at his friends.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nice knowin' ya.

David picks up his duffel bag. He heaves it over his shoulder and walks out the door. Vlad sort of smiles at the rest of the boys.

VLAD

He won't get far. The apple does
not fall far from the tree.

They watch the The Impaler in raw fear.

EXT. GARDEN - HOTEL - NIGHT

David walks out the back door of the Hotel into the botanical garden. He stops to pick a Tiger Lily, gazing in sombre remembrance at the empty Gazebo.

ANASTASIA

David?

David whirls.

Anastasia is standing there, tears in her eyes

DAVID

Anastasia. What are you doing here?

ANASTASIA

You did not come to San Francisco.
So I come back.
David is shaken with emotion.

DAVID

Anastasia...you have to go back.

ANASTASIA

But why?

DAVID

I have to go away. A long way away.

She hides in his arms.

ANASTASIA

Take me with you. Wherever you go, I will go, too. Take me with you.

DAVID

I can't.

Her eyes are moist as they search his face, confused.

ANASTASIA

But why?

DAVID

I can't tell you that. There's nothing I would want more in the world than for us to be together, Anastasia. You're the most beautiful girl I've seen in my whole life and I want to be with you but...we can't be together now. I want you to know how I feel about you. Because I'll never forget you.

ANASTASIA

I don't want you to go.

DAVID

Anastasia, you don't want to be
with me now, not with what I am,
who I am.

ANASTASIA

You are wonderful.

DAVID

No.

She throws her arms around him and kisses him. He can't
help but to kiss her back, longingly and lustily.

ANASTASIA

Take me with you.

A bloodlust surges through him as they embrace. His face
starts to change and his teeth bare. He nearly bites her
throat, then pushes her away, covering his face.

DAVID

Don't look at me. Go away,
Anastasia. Go away now, please.

Anastasia stares heartbroken at David, who has his back
to her. Bursting into tears, she dashes off through the
garden maze. David, emotionally torn, watches her run
away. Then he sighs and starts to walk out of the maze.

He rounds a corner of hedge.

Vlad.

He has the limp Anastasia in his arms, his teeth in her
neck.

DAVID (CONT'D)

NNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Vlad releases Anastasia. She staggers back, more baffled
than hurt, touching the puncture wounds on her throat.
Vlad flashes a fanged reconciliatory smile to David,
gesturing beneficently to Anastasia.

VLAD

All is forgiven, David. Here. I
give you the girl. Forever and
ever to be your mate. I have made
her one of us, and she shall be
yours for all eternity, David.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)
 Did I not say I'd deliver her to you? Did I not promise? I have done this for you David, because of all the boys you are my favorite. The toughest and best and most able to be my good right arm down the centuries. Now, are we friends?

David shakes his head in dawning horror.

DAVID
 No. Not her.

Anastasia is confused. She stares apprehensively up at Vlad.

ANASTASIA
 Y-you bit me. Who are you?
 David, he...bit me.

DAVID
 You bastard. Not her. Not her.

He faces off with Vlad. The Impaler rolls his eyes in exasperation.

VLAD
 Look at all I have given you! I have made you immortal. I have made you rich. I have given you her for all eternity and still you complain. What am I to do with you, David?

Anastasia is growing frightened.

ANASTASIA
 Made me what? M-made me what?

Vlad glares down at David. An evil smile creases his marble lips.

VLAD
 Shall we tell her?

ANASTASIA
 Made me what?

Vlad takes Anastasia by the shoulders and smiles down at her with his elegant, white goateed face and cobalt eyes.

VLAD
 My Darling. Made you this.

His face transforms, bony and monstrous, his lips pulling back on rows of fangs. She explodes in shuddering screams and breaks free from Vlad. She runs off panic-stricken through the hedges.

VLAD (CONT'D)
YOU ARE ONE OF US NOW, MY
LOVELY!!!

David glares murderously at Vlad.

DAVID
You motherfucker.

David runs off after Anastasia.

EXT. BALUSTRADE - GARDEN - HOTEL - NIGHT

Anastasia runs to the marble railing that hangs over the brink of the cliffs. Hundreds of feet below, the violent ocean surf bursts on the jagged rocks. The wind blows her lovely white nightgown around her pale, terrified form. Tears flow across her face, her hair whipping in the wind as she stares down at the exploding sea.

David rushes onto the Balustrade. Anastasia whirls.

ANASTASIA
DON'T COME NEAR ME!!!

DAVID
Anastasia. It's going to be
alright.

ANASTASIA
YOU'RE...YOU'RE LIKE HE IS, AREN'T
YOU?

DAVID
Anastasia....

ANASTASIA
AREN'T YOU?!!!

DAVID
Yes.

She leans against the railing, her face is washed with tears.

ANASTASIA
And now...I am.

David takes a step towards her.

DAVID

Yes.

She looks up at him. Shakes her head sorrowfully.

ANASTASIA

No.

With that, she casts herself off the railing, over the cliff.

DAVID

ANASTASIAAAAAAAAAA!!!

He runs to the rail.

Her wraithlike, white nightgowned form drops like a ghost down the side of the cliff. Far below, a broken pier with sharp wooden pylons. Anastasia falls onto one of the wooden spears and is impaled through the body. She slumps against the pylon, blood spreading across her white nightgown.

David puts his face in his hands. Then he pulls them away, his lips baring back in rage over his fangs. He clenches his fists.

DAVID (CONT'D)

VLAD.

VVVVLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAADDDDDD!!!!

He bolts towards the Hotel.

The sky is turning a lighter shade.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - NIGHT

David sweeps into the lobby. Vlad stands there with the rest of the vampire boys. The Vampire King faces off with David.

VLAD

It is five-thirty. Shall we retire?

DAVID

YYYYOooooooooooooooooo!!!

David flies like a bird of prey at Vlad, grabbing him by the throat and ripping into the side of his face with his fangs. Vlad snarls in fury and flies back into David, smashing him against the wall.

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

The sun lifts over the horizon.

The sky goes light.

Then the EARTH starts to SHAKE.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - DAWN

The room jolts.

David throws an alarmed glance to the other boys. The walls and floor shake and tremor. Then suddenly a tremendous shock wave heaves the entire building to and fro.

Vlad leaps to his feet, his cobalt blue eyes wide.

VLAD

What in--?

The lobby is swaying side to side. Plaster explodes from a crack in the wall. A sharp beam of morning sunlight HISSES through the seam. It hits Vlad on his marble white hand. His hand explodes into meaty fire. Snarling in pain, he falls back against a wall as another crack spreads across it. The Lost Boys are thrown off their feet as the floor heaves below them.

A horrifying RUMBLE.

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

The ornate facade of the hotel is hammered. The earth beneath it is quaking and buckling. Rocks and trees begin to fall on the high cliffs.

It is the 1906 San Francisco earthquake.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - DAWN

HOTEL CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES scream and duck for cover.

The windows shatter inwards in combustions of glass.

Sunlight sears through in a laser blast. Jasper turns to shutter a window. The bolt of light hits him full frontal. Jasper is consumed in a conflagration of bloody flames.

The earth tremors. The floor cracks open.

David and Vlad drop through the chasm in the ground. David flies amid the huge pieces of falling plaster and concrete. Heavy iron water pipes burst and splinter like the legs of a giant insect, geysering water. Great beams of sunlight explode this way and that in the shuddering chaos...

INT. UNDERGROUND CHASM - BENEATH THE HOTEL - DAWN

Fifty-foot walls of dirt and rock rise towards the open, sundrenched sky. David huddles against the shaking rock walls as dirt and water spray. A rock falls on his leg, pinning him. He struggles to pull it free.

Vlad appears next to him.

The great vampire is covered with soil, his face burnt and scalded. He picks up a piece of broken wood.

VLAD

Goodbye, kid. You are too much trouble.

Vlad rises over David, who desperately tries to tug his leg free. The Vampire King presses the sharpened edge of the wood by the torn cloth of David's jacket, over his heart.

He starts to push down.

Blood spills.

Behind Vlad's back, a heavy broken piece of water pipe sticks out of the ground.

With a final cry, David heaves his leg free. He flies smack into Vlad, knocking him off balance, back with tremendous force.

Vlad falls onto the broken pipe. It impales him in the back.

He snarls and spits in agony, stuck like a pig. David shoulders him against the pipe with all his strength. Vlad shrieks as the pipe bursts out his chest, impaling him in his trademark fashion, full through the body. He kicks and writhes, suspended in air. His hands slip on the bloody stake of the water pipe jutting out of his chest.

David stands back as a ray of sunlight BLASTS down from the crack in the earth.

He presses back against the dirt wall. Vlad eyes him triumphantly. He chuckles as he starts to pull himself off of the pipe by pushing it back through his body with both hands.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Dumb kid. You never get it right.
It has to be a...wooden...stake.

Blood spurts.

GGGGRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!

The earth is rocked.

The pipe is skewed. It twists and rises with a METAL GROAN. Vlad is hoisted like a rag doll up in the air. David watches from an outcropping in the rock as his vampire mentor is lifted helplessly up towards the shaft of sunlight.

Vlad screams like a wild animal, grabbing the pipe front and back with both hands as he is carried with it.

David flies from his perch. He grabs the pipe, flying upwards, pushing it towards the wall of sunshine. Vlad struggles in raw terror.

VLAD (CONT'D)

NO! NO!

The pipe pushes him into the white hot wall of sunlight.

CLOSE UP OF VLAD'S EYE: The fiery sun is reflected in his cobalt blue eye. His eye explodes in flame.

A great shattering explosion of flesh, bone and blood-drenched fire as Vlad disintegrates on the metal pike. He is gone.

David flies back down to the outcropping of rock as the ground trembles one final time, closing the fissure in the earth. Darkness closes in. The Lost Boy gasps for breath in the safe gloom of the newly formed cave.

DISSOLVE TO:

The moon.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A mountain of concrete rubble. David clambers through a crack in the ground to the surface. He surveys the blasted remnants of the once grand Hotel.

MARCO

David?

David whirls. Marco, Paul, and Dwayne stand in the rubble, covered with char and ash. Their fangs glint in broad grins.

They all embrace in relief.

DAVID

I thought you guys were dead. We made it.

DWAYNE

Not everybody.

A tear in his eye.

DAVID

Sorry about your brother.

MARCO

Vlad?

DAVID

I killed him.

MARCO

You killed the head vampire, David?

DAVID

He went up in flames. But if I did then...?

JASPER

Why are we still...?

DAVID

Vampires.

The vampire boys watch as the horse-drawn carriage tools up the cliff road towards them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

At least we won't go hungry tonight.

The carriage pulls up in front of them. Nobody is driving it. The horses snort and hoof the ground. The carriage door swings open invitingly.

MAX V.O.

Pardon me. Can you boys help me?

David cracks a fanged grin and walks over. He looks inside at a dapper and elegant figure, all alone in the carriage.

DAVID

Sure.

The Lost Boys predatorially climb inside.

INT. COACH - NIGHT

The vampire boys sit across from the figure, hidden in shadow.

MAX

Do you happen to know a Vlad Tepsch?

David's eyes flash darkly.

DAVID

Who wants to know?

MAX

His elder brother.

DAVID

You're Vlad's brother?

The elegantly dressed gentleman leans forward into the light. Now we recognize him...He is MAX, the guardian protector of the Lost Boys we know from the first film. He takes off his spectacles and shines them with a glint of teeth.

MAX

My name's Max. It's been a long trip, and now what with this earthquake that has just hit California...I was in my hotel in San Francisco and then the next thing I knew, the whole city was in ruins. What a bother. Anyway, about Vlad.

DAVID

He didn't make it.

Max's face falls.

MAX

Pity. Poor little Vladdy. He never was very smart. He was always such a flashy kid.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
Always made such a stir wherever
he went and our kind cannot afford
to be that way. We must move
quietly and cautiously in the
world. Poor showy little Vlad. I
didn't teach him very well, I
suppose.

DAVID
You...taught him?

MAX
Everything he knew.

The vampire boys regard each other.

DAVID
That explains a lot.

MAX
You were friends of his, yes?

DAVID
You could say that.

MAX
Then delighted to meet you. We
vampires do have to stick
together, you know.

David looks at Max. He laughs, knowing he's doomed.
Marco laughs. Then the others join in. Max laughs.
Six sets of fangs glint in the darkness.

VIKTOR
David!

RADU
David! We are so glad you are
alive!

Viktor and Radu stagger up to the open door of the coach,
covered with dust. David eyes them with a slow grin.

DAVID
Hello fellahs. Step inside.

RADU
A thousand thanks sir.

DAVID
Don't thank me.

David tugs Viktor and Radu into the coach.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK from the carriage as the door slowly shuts...

A familiar small boy crouches in the rubble, observing. Grandpa stares out at the vampire carriage with big, wide eyes. He sips his root beer. HE TURNS TO ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE.

GRANDPA

Boy oh boy, there's sure's gonna
be a lotta vampires in Santa Carla
from now on.

FADE OUT.

The End